1542 New Subscribers added to our lists since June 1.

The list of new subscribers added since June 1, 1899 1542

THE LIMA NEWS.

VOL. III. NO. 197 LIMA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1899. PRICE

CENSOR RELAXING

News From the Seat of War in South Africa Arriving More Freely.

NO GREAT CHANGE IN THE SITUATION

Gen. Joubert Has Arrived at Ladysmith and Received a Hearty Welcome From the Boer Army.

London Papers Continue to Criticise the Management, or Rather, Mismanagement of the Campaign.

London, Dec. 27.—Dispatches from South Africa are still greatly delayed, but they are arriving more freely, which shows that the censorship has been relaxed. There appears to be no great change in the situation.

A dispatch from Lourenzo Marques, dated Thursday, December 21, gives the following from the Boer head laager, dated Tuesday, December 19:

"The British naval guns at Colenso have been cannonading Bulwer bridge over the Tugela river, with a view of smashing it.

"The bombardment of Ladysmith is proceeding slowly. Gen. Joubert has arrived here and been accorded a hearty welcome. He addressed the Burghers on December 18.

"More British prisoners have been sent to Pretoria, including Col. Buller, Maj. Walters, Maj. Bailwark, Maj. Foster, Capt. Dick, Capt. Nortern, Capt. Fitzherbert, Capt. Ford, Capt. Hutchinson, Lieut. Bonham, Lieut. Smyth-rs, Lieut. Thourne, Lieut. O'Conneghy, Lieut. Conbauld, Lieut. Christ-n, Lieut. Briggs, Lieut. Birch, Lieut. alford, Lieut. Tarbull and Lieut. ones."

A dispatch to the Daily News from adysmith, dated Friday, December , by heliograph, says: "Another rtie last night. Gen. Hunter with 0 volunteers destroyed one six-inch eusot gun, one howitzer and one axim. One Briton killed. The Boer nners fled."

There is an idea in some quarters re that Gen. Buller's destruction of e Tugela bridge heralds an attempt cut off the Boers now south of the er, but the general opinion is that e British will not make any seri- s move pending the arrival of Lord berts.

The newspapers continuing actively cussing and criticising the manage- nt or rather mismanagement of the npaign. The advent of horse sick- s throws increased attention upon question of transports and the nt of wagons which may tie the tish forces to the railways.

The Daily Chronicle says: "Plenty wagons could be obtained from the ted States, but the government a very indiscreet patriotism have sed to avail themselves of the op- unity. It would have been better he authorities had followed Lord hener's example at Atbara bridge. they even now apply to the Amer- factories?"

The Times editorially attacks the inistration of the war office, call- attention to correspondence dis- ng "glaring defects" and declar- that the British army is being ged for the benefit of the war s and not of the nation.

Dispatches from various points in- e the steady growth of the Dutch tisfaction. The Cape Town cor- ondent of the Daily Chronicle re- the discovery of a plot to con- at the escape of Boer prisoners. d Somerset writes to the Times g the seizure of Lourenzo Mar- and its retention, if necessary, the end of the war, in order to nt the landing of war material ne Boers.

transport Tanallon Castle has d at Cape Town with a number witzers and quick-firers, which Buller urgently needs. The gov- nt has chartered the Lake Erie e new Elder Dempster & Co., was built for the Canadian ervice. She is a vessel of 12,000

recruiting of British colonists e Colony is actively proceeding. thousand are already under nd several thousand more will ed.

atches from Modder river, dat- ember 21, report that intermit- ring was continuing on both although the Boer shells fell A number of Free State burgh- surrendered. There is an un- ed report that a Canadian was cut off near Belmont. It asserted that fever is raging the Boers.

lief for British Soldiers.

real, Dec. 27.—The Bank of l Tuesday subscribed $10,000 relief fund for the British sol- South Africa. The directors bank added $7,500 to this in personal subscriptions.

lk, Va., Dec. 27.—An unknown d her crew of 15 went to the out at sea in the terrible Saturday night.

VERY MUCH ALIVE.

Aaron Wolfsohn, Whose Administrator Received $10,000 On a Life Policy, Turns Up.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—As a result of the telegrams sent to Los Angeles, Cal., stating that Aaron Wolfsohn, on the finding of whose supposed body the New York Life Insurance Co. paid the administrator of his estate $10,000, was alive in this city, Attorney Edward O'Bryan, of the company, received several messages Tuesday asking for a confirmation.

"Wolfsohn's identification is complete," said Mr. O'Bryan. "Besides his own affidavits, I have the sworn statements of 20 others who knew him, among them his brother-in-law, Michael Hesselberg, of St. Louis, and his cousin, Rose Blumenthal, of this city. The company will have no trouble in recovering its $10,000."

Wolfsohn left Chicago late in the day after signing an affidivit further establishing his identity and the fact that he is no corpse. His oath is attached to a photograph taken in this city.

"This picture," he said, "is Aaron Wolfsohn. I am the identical person insured by the New York Life Insurance Co. for $10,000 and am alive and well."

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

William B. Gale, a well known criminal lawyer, died Tuesday in Boston.

Tuesday's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, $294,872,679; gold reserve, $240,383,517.

James and Allan MacNaughton, of the Tradesmens National bank and the Wool exchange, New York, Tuesday filed a petition in bankruptcy.

Susill A. Isaacson, a Boston clothing dealer, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities, $122,811; assets, $60,000.

The New York supreme court has granted an attachment for $17,500 against property in that state belonging to the Siegel-Hillman Dry Goods Co., of St. Louis, in favor of the Corn Exchange bank, on two notes.

The 1,800 men employed by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Co. and the Silver Brook Coal Co. were notified Tuesday of an increase of two per cent. in their wages. The new scale went into effect December 1.

The consolidation of the sanitary enameling interests of the country, known as the "bath tub combination," has just been completed. The new concern will be called the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Co., and will begin business on January 1.

Clyde N. Wallace, a clerk in the United States sub-treasury in Chicago, was arrested Tuesday on the charge of having stolen $5,000 in gold from the office. The young man is said to have made a full confession to the secret service officials.

Word was received at the war department Tuesday that the transport Meade, with Col. Murray and the 43d volunteer infantry, arrived at Singapore Monday on her way to Manila. Col. Murray reports the death of Corp. Kerrigan, of Company B, on the 18th instant of alcohol poisoning.

At a public meeting held at City hall, Pittsburgh, Tuesday, a fund was started for the widow and children of Gen. Lawton. H. C. Frick subscribed $200, Capt. J. J. Vandergrift $100 and quite a number of others lesser amounts. Efforts will be made to raise a large fund by the close of the week.

An application for pardon of Joseph Wilkins and Howard Butler, now serving terms in the Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, for violating the oleomargarine laws, has been made to President McKinley, and the attorney general now has it under consideration.

A resolution expressing sympathy with the Boers in their war with Great Britain, identical with the resolution which was adopted by the board of aldermen last Friday, was Tuesday offered in the New York city council. President Guggenheimer ruled that the resolution was out of order, and it was laid over.

Trustee McKittrick will continue the business of the Siegel-Hillman Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, for 90 days. He thinks that the creditors will be paid dollar for dollar and that there will be a considerable amount of assets left on which to continue the business. Mr. Hillman, of the firm, said: "Our trouble was caused by over trading."

Eugene L. Packard Convicted.

New York, Dec. 27.—Eugene L. Packard, who formerly conducted the Investment and Security Co., a get-rich-quick institution, was Monday convicted in the federal court of using mails to further schemes to defraud and was remanded for sentence. Packard, it is alleged, formerly ran the Hughes Investment Co., with an office in Wall street. His defense was that he acted as agent for one James S. Robinson, but neither side was able to produce Robinson.

Gen. Brooke at St. Augustine.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Gen. Brooke, who arrived at St. Augustine, Fla., Tuesday from Cuba, is not coming north at once, but it is expected will stop at St. Augustine or some other convenient southern resort for a time in order to avoid a sudden climatic

FRANCIS W. CUSHMAN, M. C.

Washington newspaper correspondents have already dubbed this young congressman, who represents the state of Washington, as the new humorist of congress. A few days after congress convened, Mr. Cushman made a speech which indicated beyond doubt that "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, would have a worthy opponent of his own special line on the republican side of the house. Cushman is only 32 years of age. He was born in Iowa: was a cowboy at 16 in Wyoming, a lawyer in Nebraska at 21, removing to Tacoma, Wash., at 24. He succeeds James Hamilton Lewis, a democrat, and a humorist likewise.

INVASION OF CANADA.

Movement Among Fenians and Advanced Irish Nationalists in Boston on Foot.

Boston, Dec. 27.—A movement looking to the invasion of Canada by the Fenians and Advanced Irish Nationalists has been agitated for some time by leaders of those organizations in and around Boston. Col. Roger F. Scannell, who has been identified with Irish agitators for many years, said Tuesday that there was to be a meeting of prominent Irish nationalists in Philadelphia next Sunday or Monday, to discuss the question of invading Canada.

"This meeting," Col. Scannell says, "will be followed by another in Boston, when reports from the Philadelphia meeting will be made by Boston delegates."

Col. Scannell said that the present would be a good time for the invasion, as the troops of Canada are being sent away to take part in the African war.

"It has been agitated for years," continued the colonel, "that Canada should either be annexed to the United States or should have an independent government of her own. The present African war will in my opinion, see the first break in the British empire. With an army of 100,000 Irish nationalists engaged in the invasion of Canada it would make things interesting for the English government."

Filipinos Driven Back.

Manila, Dec. 27.—Gen. Santa Ana, with a force of insurgents estimated at 300, attacked the garrison at Subig Tuesday. A body of marines were sent from Olongapo to reinforce the garrison and the Filipinos were driven back, several being killed. There were no casualties on the American side. A company of the 46th volunteer infantry, together with a contingent of marines, has been sent from Manila to reinforce the Subig garrison still further.

The Lawton Home Fund.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Adjt. Gen. Corbin's list of subscriptions to the Lawton home fund aggregated $15,000 at noon Tuesday. The committee announces that the subscription lists will be kept open until January 5, next, when the money will be banked and placed to Mrs. Lawton's credit. The amount now in the hands of Gen. Corbin probably is less than half of that actually subscribed, many subscriptions not yet having reached him.

Souvenir Lafayette Dollars.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—The souvenir Lafayette dollars received in Chicago by the Lafayette memorial commission, on Christmas evening, were taken from the government kegs at the office of the treasurer of the American Trust and Savings bank Tuesday, and the distribution of the coins officially begun. Fifteen thousand of the coins have already been subscribed and paid for, and will be delivered immediately.

Damaged By Fire and Water.

Binghamton, N. Y., Dec 27.—The Jones scale works of this city was badly damaged by fire and water Tuesday. The fourth floor of the main building is in ruins, and the rest of the structure, filled with manufactured product, is drenched with water. The loss will probably reach $50,000.

Ornithologist and Scientist Dead.

Baltimore, Dec. 27.—Prof. Elliott Coues, of Washington, D. C., the world famed ornithologist and scientist, died Monday night at Johns Hopkins hospital.

A Boy Fatally Kicked by a Horse.

Butler, O., Dec. 27.—Earnest Innes, the 15-year-old son of a wealthy farmer residing east of here, was kicked on the head by a vicious horse and probably fatally injured. His skull was fractured and he has not yet regained consciousness.

UNUSUAL DECISION.

Strikers Not Restrained From Patroling Works and Intimidating the Employes.

Toledo, O., Dec. 27.—Judge Morris, in common pleas court, Tuesday rendered an unusual decision as to the rights of striking workmen. The members of the Bicycle Workers' union struck at the Standard Tube and Porkside works. A temporary injunction was granted restraining strikers from patroling the works and accosting and intimidating employes who took their places. This injunction Judge Morris Tuesday dissolved, holding that the strikers had a perfect right to keep pickets about the works, and to talk to workmen and urge them to come out. He held that there was no positive evidence of threats, and that the number of men employed at the works exceeded the number of strikers usually kept on picket duty, so there could be no danger of personal violence. The case will be appealed.

An Old Knife With a History.

Charleston, O., Dec. 27.—The finding of a knife imbedded in a tree 115 years ago recalls in the mind of Jackson Summerville the narrative his father told of having killed an Indian and sticking the knife into a tree where this one was found. It will be presented to the State Historical association.

His Ninety-Ninth Birthday.

Upper Sandusky, O., Dec. 27.—Andrew McNeff celebrated his 99th birthday Christmas. Mr. McNeff was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 25, 1800, but came to America when a child. He helped build the Big Four railroad through this county and Marion county.

Put the Robbers to Flight.

Akron, O., Dec. 27.—Three highwaymen attempted to hold up Sebastian Rohner early Tuesday morning. He was covered with a revolver. Rohner landed his right on the men, and before he had quit he had put all the robbers to flight, but he was badly used up

All Hands Were Saved.

Apalachicola, Fla., Dec. 27.—The Italian bark Du Fratelli, Astarta, master, from Rio de Janeiro, stranded on St. George's cape Thesday and has been abandoned. All hands were saved.

New Sugar Mill Burned.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 27.—The new sugar mill recently completed at Sugarland, Cunningham's plantation, was burned Tuesday evening with all machinery. Loss $35,000; entirely insured.

Seven Indians Drowned.

Ashcroft, B. C., Dec. 27.—Seven Indians, including two women, were drowned a short distance west of this place by the upsetting of a canoe in which they were attempting to cross the Thompson river.

MARKET REPORT.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 26

FLOUR—Spring fancy, $3.00@3.15; spring family, $2.90@3.00; spring patent, $3.75@4.00; winter fancy, $3.00@3.15; winter family, $2.35@2.70; winter patent, $3.15@3.60; extra, $2.00@2.25; low grade, $1.75@1.95; northwestern rye, $2.85@3.10; do city, $3.10@3.15.

WHEAT—Sales: No. 2 red, track, 70¼c.

HOGS—Select shippers, none on sale; select butchers, $4.35; fair to good packers, $4.20@4.35; fair to good light, $4.10@4.20; common and roughs, $3.70@4.15.

CATTLE—Fair to good shippers, $4.50@5.35; good to choice butchers, $4.35@4.85; fair to medium butchers, $3.50@4.20; common, $2.00@3.40.

SHEEP—Extras, $3.75@3.90; good to choice, $3.00@3.65; common to fair, $2.00@2.75.

LAMBS—Extras, $5.35@5.50; good to choice, $4.85@5.25; common to fair, $4.00@4.75.

VEAL CALVES—Fair to good light, $6.50@7.00; common and large, $4.50@6.25.

CHICAGO, Dec 26

WHEAT—December, 68¾c; May, 69¾; July, 69⅝@69¾c.

CORN—December, 30¼c; January, 30⅜@30⅝c. May, 33c.

OATS—December, 22¼c; May, 23¾c.

DANISH WEST INDIES.

The German Government Has Abandoned All Ideas of Acquiring Territory There.

Berlin, Dec. 27.—The German government has definitely abandoned all idea of acquiring the Danish West Indies, either by purchase from Denmark or otherwise. A press correspondent received this information from an authoritative source Tuesday. The German embassy in Washington has left no doubt that any such attempt would be looked upon by the Americans as an unfriendly act, and as a serious infringement of the Monroe doctrine.

According to the same authority the reports representing that Denmark is negotiating to sell the islands to the United States are either entirely premature or without foundation.

More Bodies Found.

Brownsville, Pa., Dec. 27.—With sightless eyes peering into the dark depths below, the corpse of Andrew Forber hung for three days and three nights from a beam half way up the mine shaft of the Braznell mine. The body was 50 feet above the level of the mine from whence it had been blown by the force of the explosion. Two other bodies, or rather pieces of bodies, were found Tuesday afternoon. They were located deep among the debris and were worse mangled than any yet found. The heads and trunks were together, but the arms, hands, legs and feet were picked up here and there and placed in the same box.

Condemned Man Escapes.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 27.—Walter Cotton, a desperate Negro murderer, sentenced to hang January 12 for murder, walked out of the county jail here at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, despite the presence of J. Saunders, the night death watch in the cell, and escaped.

Enlisting for the Boers.

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 27.—J. R. Rowan, an electrician of Buffalo, N. Y., and J. C. Sellers, of New Orleans, are here to form a company of 45 men to go to South Africa to aid the Boers. Twelve men have so far enlisted and the full number can easily be procured.

Shot Him Dead.

Mexico, Mo., Dec. 27.—At Vandalia, near this city, Edward Spencer walked up to Benjamin Eddleman, a night watchman, with whom he had quarreled, put one arm around him and with the other shot him dead. Spencer was arrested.

THE CASE DISMISSED.

Suit Against the Stockholders of the Crystal Ice Co. for Violation of Anti-Trust Law.

Columbus, O., Dec. 27.—Judge Evans Tuesday dismissed the suit brought some time ago against certain stockholders of the Crystal Ice Co., to prevent them transferring stock on the ground that they were running into a combination of ice manufactories (since abandoned), in violation of the state anti-trust law. Judge Evans held that the anti-trust law does not prohibit an individual disposing of his stock, as was clearly the case in this instance, there having been no concerted action by the stockholders or directors of the company. Should the stock be sold and the buyer subsequently transfer it to a trust, that transfer would be vitiated by the anti-trust law.

Chinese-Mexican Treaty of Trade.

Washington, Dec. 27.—The negotiations which have been in progress for some time between China and Mexico, for a general treaty of trade, navigation and immigration, now have been brought to a successful conclusion here, and the formal signing of the document completed at the Mexican embassy, Senor Aspiroz, the Mexican ambassador, signing for his country, and minister Wu Ting Fang for China.

Quickly Disappeared.

Toledo, O., Dec. 27.—George H. Jones was sentenced in the police court Tuesday to ten days in the workhouse and $50 fine for running a slot machine. Twenty minutes after the sentence was imposed not a slot machine in the city was visible.

Big Blaze at Augusta Ga.

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 27.—The sawmill or the Perkins Manufacturing Co. and the Georgia iron works, owned by the Perkins Manufacturing Co., were destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The loss is $175,000.

Six Wounded in a Fight.

Reidsville, Ga., Dec. 27.—Four Negroes and two white men were wounded in a fight at Collins, near here. The row was precipitated by a group of Negroes on the street abusing white people generally.

Knows Nothing of the Invasion.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—John T. Keating, national president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, declared Tuesday night that he knew nothing of the rumored armed invasion of Canada by four columns of Irishmen.

Two Miners Killed.

Webb City, Mo., Dec. 27.—Joe Fry and Edward Overton, miners, were killed Tuesday at the Phoenix mine, near Carterville, their heads being crushed against a wheel of the hoisting apparatus.

BADLY SHAKEN UP

The Earthquake in Southern California Was Worse Than at First Reported.

SORROWFUL SCENE OF DESOLATION

Every Brick Building in One of the Unfortunate Towns Was Leveled to the Ground.

Loss From the Quake at San Jacinto, Cal., Foots Up Into the Thousands—Streets Piled Up With the Debris.

San Jacinto, Cal, Dec. 27.—This little city was a scene of desolation Tuesday. People are beginning to recover from the terror inspired by the earthquake which centered here on Christmas morning and destroyed every brick building in the town and definite estimates of the damage can not now be made.

At the Saboba Indian reservation, near here, a dance had been the night before, and large quantities of whisky consumed by the Indians at it, having sent most of them into a drunken stupor before the shock came. A number of squaws had huddled together in an old adobe building and were sleeping off the effects of the liquor. The heavy walls fell in upon them. Six were killed outright and two died later, while a score more are badly injured. Those killed were horribly crushed.

Main street presents a sad appearance. It is impossible to walk along the sidewalks because of the heaps of debris and overhanging walls. Two story brick walls were razed to the level of the ground with thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise buried underneath. There is not a business house in town but has suffered.

Electric wires are down and some of the power houses have fallen in. The walls of the county hospital, erected recently at a cost of $10,000, are badly damaged.

The probable losses are estimated as follows:

Hards & Daggetts, merchandise, $1,000; building, $1,500; Dallas building, $3,000; Jones building $500; Vawter building, $3,000; McBeath block, $2,000; Daggetts building, $3,000; Pigous $500; Indian agency, $8,000; McKinney & Chambers, drug store, $6,000; S. Kries building, $4,000; bank building, $1,000; J. W. Ryan building, $1,000; Dominigini building, $3,000; Lawright's drug store, $1,000; S. Meades building and goods, $1,000; E. D. Meade hardware company, $3,000; Durett's building, $1,500; Freeman's store, $2,000; Col. Ritchey, $2,000; Baker's store, $1,000. The minor losses amount to considerable.

At Hemet, the hotel was damaged to the extent of $10,000; Bingham's flour mill, $2,000. The fire walls of Webber's brick store fell out, the plate glass windows were smashed and the entire stock of goods is on the floor in a heap. The chimney of the hotel fell, many of them crashing through the roof. One fell on the bed of Frank Johnson bruising him badly. The verandas are all down and the walls badly cracked. The rear wall of the Johnson block fell outward and the whole building was badly demolished. The third story of the hotel Mills is down and the second story walls fell in.

Pugh's store and fixtures were all shaken down. There are but two chimneys left in town. The gables of Highland asylum were cracked, and the chimneys shaken down.

It is said that rumblings had been heard for several days about Taquils peak, in the San Jacinto range, supposed to be an extinct volcano. Between San Jacinto and Hemet geysers of hot sulphur water appeared Monday, and the fumes were so strong that no one could get near the geysers.

The streets of San Jacinto are being cleared of debris, and the merchants are moving their stocks into warehouses. Preparations are already being made for the rebuilding of most of the ruined structures.

Heavy Defalcation.

Middletown, N. Y., Dec. 27.—The defalcations of Assistant Cashier Louis E. Goldsmith, of the Port Jervis national bank, has announced the amount as $25,000, is now declared by the bank examiner to be $101,987. The money was taken through draft account and manipulation of the general ledger. The Washington authorities recommended an assessment of the stock to make good the deficiency and to resume the business of the bank.

Donations for the Lawton Fund.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 27.—The Commercial Appeal, of this city, by request of Adjt. Gen. Corbin, will receive donations to the Lawton fund. It is believed that several hundred dollars will be readily donated in Memphis and vicinity.

Brazilian Tariff Law.

Buenos Ayres, Dec. 27.—The new Brazilian tariff will go into effect January 1, 1900, although by law it should have become operative December 1.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

WIRELESS TELEPHONES.

Human Voices, Claims Dr. Peter Stiens, Are Readily Heard Through the Earth.

Sir William Preece's wireless telephone experiments, by which it is announced it has been possible to hear distinctly a series of taps used on the Morse principle, has caused great interest in the electrical world and has been made the subject of a statement by Dr. Peter Stiens, who has been hard at work for years on a system of wireless telephony.

In an interview with a representative of the London Central News Dr. Stiens said:

"I have read some account of Sir William Preece's wireless telephone experiments, but I may say that I am not working on Herzian waves at all. My principle is that of using only one means of conduction—namely, the earth. I simply send electricity through the earth from one apparatus to another in sympathy with it. No high poles or balloons or anything of that kind is required for my system.

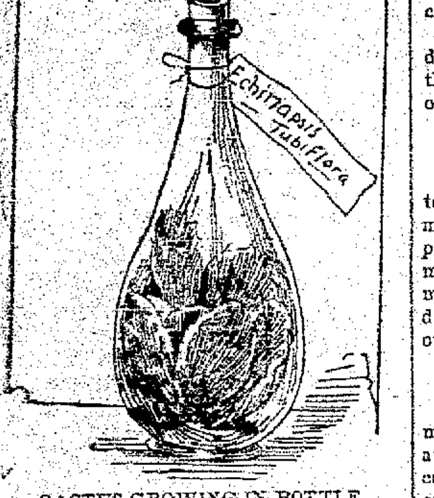
"My apparatus is small and portable. Of course, I cannot, for obvious reasons, just at present tell you about its construction and method of use. I have not had an opportunity of examining Sir William Preece's system, but I see that in the newspaper account all that is claimed for it is that the users can hear taps, which, when used as a Morse system, can be utilized in the sending of messages.

"Now, from this it would appear that to be able to use his invention one must be a telegraph operator or other person understanding the Morse code. Of course I don't know what Sir William has in mind for the future, but I claim that by my invention not only taps, but the spoken words, the sound of the human voice, can be heard and that at great distances with excellent results. Soon I hope to be in a position to give a series of practical demonstrations in the presence of electrical experts."

CACTI IN A BOTTLE.

Will Grow Without Air or Water, and Flourish After Being Sealed For Five Years.

A new method of growing cacti has been discovered in the botanical gardens of Berlin. It is so simple and easy that no one need be without at least one fine cactus in the sitting-room or parlor. All that is required is a shapely bottle, a little rich earth and a few cactus seeds that can be bought of any florist for a few cents. Bottles in which creme de menthe or some of the other cordials usually come are well adapted to this purpose



CACTUS GROWING IN BOTTLE.

on account of the clearness of the glass and the grace of their shape.

Having secured the bottle, cleanse it thoroughly and then put earth in it until the bottom is covered to a height of about an inch. Sprinkle this earth well, almost soaking wet, and then throw in three or four catus seeds. Close the bottle snugly with a tight-fitting cork and seal it close with sealing wax. Tie a strong cord around the neck of the bottle and hang it in a window that the sun reaches for at least several hours every day. In cold weather the bottle must not be exposed to the air. The living-room, with a constant temperature of 70 degrees or more, suits the experiment admirably. Then the entire process of growth can be watched with no small interest. The opening and rooting of the seeds, and the gradual development of the plants will follow, almost as if by magic. Soon the cacti will be of such size that you can astonish your friends by a sight of them, and they will hardly believe you when you tell them these plants are growing without any care or water. That they will so flourish for years is proven by this picture of a bottled cactus grown in the manner described at the Berlin botanical gardens, the bottle having been sealed up just five years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boers and the Bicycle.

The Boers, who are now attracting so much attention, are very arbitrary in their dealings with all but their own race. In Johannesburg the police do not allow native Kaffirs to ride a bicycle. There is no law against it, but the Boers say "it don't look right."

Sugar Depends on Light.

It has been determined that light is an important factor in sugar production, recent investigations showing that the sugar contents of the plant is dependent on the amount of direct sunlight received.

Monkey Takes Dog's Place.

Dr. W. L. Dancy, of Jacksonville, Fla., went quail hunting one day and accidentally shot his dog. He found a fugitive monkey in the woods and soon he observed the monkey about 50 yards from him, chattering, and beckoning him with one hand and pointing into the grass near by with the other. A covey of quail flew up from the grass near the monkey when Dr. Dancy arrived. Four quail were killed. The monkey continued pointing during the rest of the day and was a great deal more successful than a dog would have been. An Italian claimed the monkey when Dr. Dancy came out of the woods, and so the doctor had to part with the hunting companion.

She Improved the Color.

Entering a music shop the other day a Welsh miner, who had lately come into a considerable sum of money, asked the price of a grand piano. He was told it was $250. He bought it. A fortnight after he returned for a music book, and the shopman asked him if the instrument gave satisfaction. "Man," he said, "but you wouldn't know it now. It looks just splendid! My old 'ooman has painted it yeller to match the chest

J B Clark, Peoria, Ill, says, "Surgeons wanted to operate me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. H F Vortkamp, north east corner Main and North streets.

Magic Figure Nine.

A curious coincidence is noted in the fact that nearly all the great mining discoveries of recent times have been made in years ending with the magic figure nine. Thus the famous gold find in California fell in the year 1849. Ten years later, in 1859, remarkable discoveries of the same metal were made simultaneously in Australia and British Columbia, causing a great rush of fortune hunters to these points. In 1869 the famous Comstock lode find became known to the world; in 1879 the gold-bearing region around Leadville and Tombstone, Ariz., began to attract attention, and in 1889 the diggings at Clover Creek and in Lower California became the objective points of great multitudes of excited and anxious seekers after sudden wealth. And now again, at the end of another decade, history repeats itself once more. The remarkable gold finds recently made at Cape Nome, surpassing in richness and extent anything yet discovered in the Yukon district, bid fair to make the year 1899 as notable as any in the annals of gold mining.—Leslie's Weekly.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Original.

Markham—Your wife is full of social devices, Lumley.

Lumley—Right you are. The other day she noticed my hair was getting thin and proposed giving a "coming-out" party for it.—N. Y. World.

Distance of the North Star.

The Lick observatory astronomers tell us the north star is 255,000,000,000 miles away. The Lick telescope and photospectroscope have discovered 14 multiple stars. The star Mizar, the middle star of the handle of the great dipper, has a brilliancy 100 times that of our sun.—Cleveland Leader.

Postage Stamp Ball Dress.

One of the most curious dresses ever made was probably that worn by a lady at a ball at Baltimore, it being entirely covered with postage stamps. The stamps, 30,000 in number, were pasted on a thin foundation and represented the postage of every civilized country.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. H F Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

Baked Too Long.

A jolly old boy from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside, and seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged around, said to the landlord: "What d'ye call that?" "Crab," was the answer. "Looks good; I'll have 'un, and gie us a pint of ale." Bread and butter was added, and the diner left to his dinner. In about an hour the genial landlord entered the dining saloon to see if his guest was getting on all right; he found him chawing up the last claw, the chawer red in the face, but beaming. "Like the crab, sir?" "Yes, he was capital. I never tasted one afore, but I think you baked 'un a little too long, the crust was so hard. Let's have another pint." He had eaten the lot—shell, claws and all complete.—London Spare Moments.

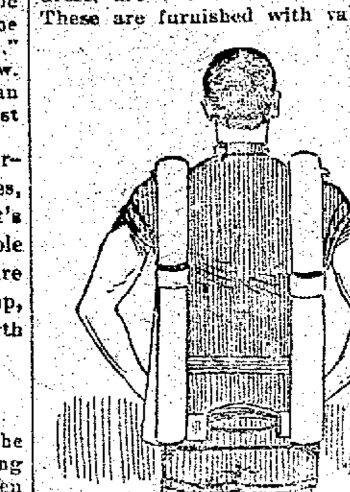
Miss Anna E Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. H F Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

LIFE-SAVING DEVICE.

Invented by a Californian and Tested Successfully by British Government Officials.

A life-saving device of novel construction has been tested by the British government at Gravesend, with seemingly highly satisfactory results. It is the invention of a Californian, and, unlike the generality of life belts and cork jackets, it is capable of supporting more than one person in the water.

The invention tried at Gravesend, says the Golden Penny, fits closely to the upper part of the body and cannot be shifted except by the intention of its wearer. Moreover, nearly every bit of it is buoyant. In appearance it closely resembles a waistcoat without buttons. Down each side of the back, in about the place occupied by the side seams in a woman's dress, are two slender rubber bags. These are furnished with valves and



NEW LIFE-SAVING DEVICE.

can be inflated with air either by the use of an ordinary bicycle pump or by the mouth.

At the front are two much larger air bags, each about the size and shape of the front pieces of a man's vest. These are also furnished with valves and can be inflated. There are thus four separate air compartments in the coat, any one of which is independently able to buoy up the body of the wearer. The coat fastens by snap hooks which engage with galvanized iron rings. The coat is held down and prevented from rising over its owner's head by two canvas straps which pass between the legs. These also are fastened by snap hooks.

The entire apparatus can be put on in 25 seconds. It weighs four pounds. In compartments attached to the front of the coat there can be kept five days' supply of hardtack. Another compartment will carry a liberal supply of fresh water, while still another will contain whisky or some other stimulant. The food compartments are perfectly water-tight, yet the supply of hard-tack is easily accessible. One or more cakes can be removed without danger of wetting the others.

Provision is made at the side for the attachment of six small water-tight tubes. Each of these contains a signal flare, which will ignite when it is brought in contact with water.

RATE OF NAIL GROWTH.

It Is Influenced by External and Internal Conditions, by Climate and Disposition.

A considerable divergence of opinion exists as to the rate at which the finger nails grow. Bean gives us a rule that the nails of the hand grow one mm. per week. At this rate the nails, which average 15 mm. in length, would take 105 days to grow out. Dufour gives 121 to 138 days. The fact is, the pace of growth varies very much, not only at different ages, but in different individuals of the same age. Influenced by many external and internal conditions, the pace also varies in the same person from time to time. A few observations will be submitted to the notice of the readers as to the growth of finger nails in men at different ages. At 21 years the nail was replaced in 126 days, at 31 years in 150 days, at 32 years in 88 days, at 55 years in 110 days, at 67 years in 144 days. It is curious that in this growth the swiftest grower was a tuberculous subject who had a sharp attack of blood-spitting during the observation. Sea air is said to quicken the growth of the nails, profound grief has been credited with the power of destroying them. A valuable point of diagnosis is afforded by the growth of the finger nail. In distinguishing between true paralysis of centric origin and the various pseudo-paralyses of hysteria which sometimes so closely simulate organic disease, it is well to remember that the growth of the nail is modified by most of the centric lesions, while its development is not affected by hysteria. It is asserted that intracranial hemorrhages arrest the nail growth.—Edward Blake, in "Study of the Hand."

Atmosphere of the Sun.

If some of the latest results of astronomical investigation are to be accepted, the atmosphere of the sun is 5,000 miles deep, and is composed of various gases and vapors of metals. Then, as observed through the telescope, its surface is covered with minute white forms, apparently floating in an ocean of grayish fluid, these being clouds, composed not of water, but chiefly of carbon, and it is argued that, just as the electrician uses carbon for producing the brightest of artificial lights, so the sun employs the same agent in the production of its transcendent light and heat, the sun clouds being, in fact, made up of drops of liquid carbon, which have a radiance vastly exceeding that of the well-known glow of the filament in an electric lamp.

LOCAL TIME CARD

P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.

Change of time on Pennsylvania Line.

Under a new schedule, in effect Nov. 19th, 1899, Passenger trains over the Pennsylvania Lines leave Lima station as follows:

For the East No. 8 leaves at ..... *7:15 a m
" 36 " ..... 10:31 a m
" 20 " ..... *2:54 p m
" 6 " ..... 9:10 p m
" 2 " ..... 10:46 p m
For the West No. 15 leaves at ..... *1:23 a m
" " ..... 8:38 a m
" 39 " ..... *0:40 a m
" 9 " ..... *2:34 p m
" 35 " ..... *5:24 p m

* denotes Chicago. F. M. EAKIN, Ticket Agent.

C., H. & D. R. R.

In effect June 25 1899, at 4:15 o'clock

No. NORTH.
12 arrives daily ..... 1:50 a m
14 arrives " except Sunday ..... 6:55 a m
2 arrives " except Sunday ..... 8:16 a m
6 leaves " ..... 11:57 a m
4 arrives " except Sunday ..... 4:36 p m
10 arrives " ..... 9:00 p m
38 " Sunday only ..... 9:55 a m
40 " Sunday only ..... 7:40 a m

No. SOUTH.
7 arrives daily ..... 2:05 a m
11 leaves " except Sunday ..... 6:45 a m
1 leaves " except Sunday ..... 9:20 a m
5 leaves " ..... 12:11 p m
3 leaves " ..... 4:09 p m
9 arrives " ..... 7:45 p m
35 Sunday only, leaves ..... 7:30 p m

D. & L. N. R. R.

Taking effect Oct. 8, 1899.

Passenger trains of the Detroit & Lima Northern arrive and depart from Lima as follows:

No. ARRIVES
21, Detroit, Adrain and Lima ..... 1:15 p m
3, Detroit, Adrain and Lima ..... 10:00 p m

No. LEAVES
2, Lima, Leipsic, Adrain and Detroit ..... 6:00 a m
4, Lima, Leipsic, Adrain and Detroit ..... 3:00 p m
For Lakeview, Bellefontaine, etc., leave via O S R R ..... 4:25 a m
From Lakeview, Bellefontaine, etc., arrives via O S R R ..... 10:55 a m

All trains daily except Sunday, South bound trains depart from Bellefontaine vende.

ERIE R. R.

No. WEST. DEPART
Vestibule limited, daily for Chicago and the West ..... 11:28 a m
8 Pacific express, daily for Chicago and the West ..... 1:12 a m
1 Express, daily except Sunday, for Chicago and the West ..... 9:10 a m
1 Local freight, daily ex. Sunday ..... 7:00 a m
3 Wells-Fargo lim'd express, daily except Monday ..... 4:59 p m

EAST.
Vestibule limited, daily for New York and Boston ..... 9:02 p m
2 Express, daily except Sunday ..... 3:24 p m
12 Express, daily for New York ..... 3:41 a m
19 Local freight daily ex. Sunday ..... 7:00 a m

HAIR SWITCH 65 CENTS.

WE SELL HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES to match any hair at from 65c to $3.25, the equal of switches that retail at $2.00 to $8.00.

OUR OFFER: Cut this ad out and send to us, inclose a good sized sample of the exact shade wanted, and cut it out as near the roots as possible, inclose our special price quoted and 5 cents extra to pay postage, and we will make the switch to match your hair exact, and send to you by mail, postpaid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it and we will immediately refund your money.

Our Special Offer Price as follows: 2-oz. switch 20-in. long, long stem, 65c; short stem, 90c; 2-oz. 22-in. long, short stem, $1.25; 3-oz. 22-in. long, short stem, $1.50; 3-oz. 24-in. long, short stem, $2.25; 3½-oz. 26-in. long, short stem, $3.25. WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK the highest grade on the market. Order at once and get these special prices. Your money returned if you are not pleased. Write for Free Catalogue of Hair Goods. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

TRUSSES, 65c, $1.25 AND UP

65c. $1.25

We are selling the very finest Trusses made at FACTORY PRICES, less than one-third the price charged by others, and WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. Say whether you wish our 65c French Truss or our $1.25 New York Reversible Elastic Truss, illustrated above, cut this ad. out and send to us with OUR SPECIAL PRICE named, state your Height, Weight, Age, how long you have been ruptured, whether rupture is large or small; also state number inches around the body on a line with the rupture, say whether rupture is on right or left side, and we will send either truss to you with the understanding, if it is not a perfect fit and equal to trusses that retail at three times our price, you can return it and we will return your money.

WRITE FOR FREE TRUSS CATALOGUE which shows our entire line of trusses, including the New $10.00 Lea Truss that cures almost any case, and which we sell for $2.75

Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. CHICAGO

Port Limon. Costa Rica: Bocas de Toro, Colambia, Bluefields and Rama, Nicaragua; also to many other points in Central and South America. Baggage checked through to destination Sleeping car space and steamer accomodations reserved on application to ticket agent. If you contemplate a Southern trip, get information from your nearest C H & D Agent or write to D G Edwards, P. T. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TOURISTS' RATES

Are now on sale via the C H & D Ry to points in the South and West. Very low round trip rates variable routes and long return Limits. Call on your nearest C H & D Agent before deciding on the route for your winter trip. D G Edwards, P T M Cincinnati. O.

$2.75 BOX RAIN COAT

A REGULAR $5.00 WATER-PROOF MACKINTOSH for $2.75

SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast, taken over vest under coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any coat you can buy for $5.00, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $2.75, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1900 style, easy fitting, made from heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Covert Cloth; full length, double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed seams. Suitable for both Rain or Overcoat, and guaranteed GREATEST VALUE ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to $5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from $5.00 to $10.00, write for FREE SAMPLE BOOK No. 26E. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Inc.) CHICAGO.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

Mrs R Churchill, Berlin, Vt, says, "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. H F Vortkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

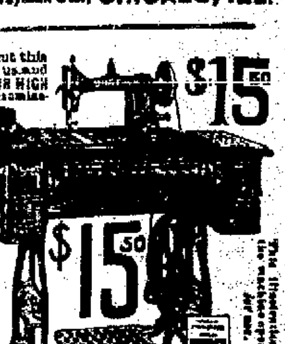
SEND US ONE DOLLAR.

Cut this ad. out and send to us with $1.00, and we will send you this NEW IMPROVED PARLOR GEM ORGAN, by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if you find it exactly as represented, the greatest value you ever saw and far better than organs advertised by others at more money, pay the freight agent OUR PRICE $33.50, less the $1.00 deposit, or $32.50 and freight charges. THE PARLOR GEM is one of the most DURABLE AND SWEETEST TONED instruments ever made. From the illustration shown, which is engraved direct from a photograph you can form some idea of its beautiful appearance. Made from solid quarter sawed oak or walnut as desired, perforated key slip, full panel body, beautiful marquetry design panels and many other handsome decorations and ornaments, making it the VERY LATEST STYLE. THE PARLOR GEM is 6 feet high, 42 inches long, 23 inches wide and weighs 350 pounds. Contains 5 octaves, 11 stops, as follows: Diapason, Principal, Dulciana, Melodia, Celeste, Cremona, Bass Coupler, Treble Coupler, Diapason Forte and Vox Humana; 2 Octave Couplers, 1 Tone Swell, 1 Grand Organ Swell, 4 Sets of Orchestral Toned Resonatory Pipe Quality Reeds, 1 Set of 37 Pure Sweet Melodia Reeds, 1 Set of 37 Charmingly Brilliant Celeste Reeds, 1 Set of 24 Rich Mellow Smooth Diapason Reeds, 1 Set of Pleasing Soft Melodious Principal Reeds. THE PARLOR GEM action consists of the Celebrated Newell Reeds, which are only used in the highest grade instruments; fitted with Hammond Couplers and Vox Humana, also best Dolge felts, leathers, etc., bellows of the best rubber cloth, 3-ply bellows stock and finest leather in valves. THE PARLOR GEM is furnished with a 10x14 beveled plate French mirror, nickel plated pedal frames, and every modern improvement. We furnish free a handsome organ stool and the best organ instruction book published.

GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. With every PARLOR GEM ORGAN we issue a written binding 25-year guarantee, by the terms and conditions of which if any part gives out we repair it free of charge. Try it one month and we will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. 500 of these organs will be sold at $33.50. ORDER AT ONCE. DON'T DELAY.

OUR RELIABILITY IS ESTABLISHED if you have not dealt with us ask your neighbor about us, write the publisher of this paper or Metropolitan National Bank, or Corn Nat. Bank, of Chicago; or German Exchange Bank, New York; or any railroad or express company in Chicago. We have a capital of over $700,000.00, occupy entire one of the largest business blocks in Chicago, and employ nearly 2,000 people in our own building. WE SELL ORGANS AT $22.00 and up; PIANOS, $115.00 and up; also everything in musical instruments at lowest wholesale prices. Write for free special organ, piano and musical instrument catalogue. Address, (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.



SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you OUR HIGH GRADE DROP CABINET BURDICK SEWING MACHINE by freight, C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to machines others sell as high as $60.00, and THE GREATEST BARGAIN YOU EVER HEARD OF, pay your freight agent our Special Offer Price $15.50 and freight charges. Machine weighs 120 pounds and the freight will average 75 cents for each 500 miles. GIVE IT THREE MONTHS' TRIAL in your own home, and we will return your $15.50 any day you are not satisfied. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at $8.50, $10.00, $11.00, $12.00 and up, all fully described in our Free Sewing Machine Catalogue, but $15.50 for this DROP DESK CABINET BURDICK is the greatest value ever offered by any house.

$15.50

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS by unknown concerns who copy our advertisements, offering unknown machines under various names, with various inducements. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who are reliable and who are not.

THE BURDICK has every MODERN IMPROVEMENT, EVERY GOOD POINT OF EVERY HIGH GRADE MACHINE MADE, WITH THE DEFECTS OF NONE. Made by the best makers in America, from the best material money can buy.

$15.50

SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, piano polished. One illustration shows machine closed (head dropping from sight) to be used as a center table, stand or desk, the other open with full length table and head in place for sewing. 4 fancy drawers, latest 1899 skeleton frame, carved, paneled, embossed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on four casters, adjustable treadle, genuine Smyth iron stand. Finest large High Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable pressure foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, head is handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully nickel trimmed. GUARANTEED the lightest running, most durable and nearest noiseless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A 20-Years' Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at $40.00 to $60.00, and then if convinced that you are saving $25.00 to $40.00, pay your freight agent the $15.50. WE TO RETURN YOUR $15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

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FLORIDA NEW ORLEANS

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON & DAYTON RY.

THE SHORT LINE TO

Cincinnati and the South.

DIRECT CONNECTION MADE AT CINCINNATI FOR

LEXINGTON, LOUISVILLE, ASHEVILLE, KNOXVILLE, CHATTANOOGA — CUBA — MEMPHIS, ATLANTA, JACKSONVILLE, ST. AUGUSTINE, TAMPA

Fast Trains
Cafe Dining Cars
Palace Sleeping Cars

J. C. WINANS, District Pass. Agt., Toledo, O.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR WINTER TOURISTS.

The Illinois Central desires to call attention to the unexcelled service that is offered by its lines to the south for the season of 1899-1900.

CALIFORNIA VIA NEW ORLEANS.

Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago every Wednesday morning.

Personally conducted. Runs through to Los Angeles and San Francisco, via New Orleans in connection with the Southern Pacific, leaving Chicago on the Central's fast "New Orleans Special;" connection also made by the train with daily trains out of New Orleans for the Pacific Coast. The Limited from Chicago every evening, connects on Mondays and Thursdays at New Orleans (after December 25, 1900 with the

SUNSET LIMITED

of the Southern Pacific, giving Speial through service to San Francisco.

Two solid Fast Vestibule Trains daily from Chicago to Memphis and New Orleans.

Homeseekers' Excursion to certain points in the South on the lines of the Illinois Central and Y & M V Railroads will be run on the first and third Tuesday of each month during the winter season.

Full particulars concerning all of the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Chicago.

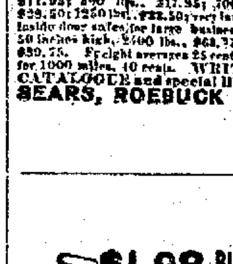
"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H N Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. H F Vortkamp northeast corner Main and North streets,

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

H. F. Vortkamp, Northeast corner Main and North streets.



ONLY $5.0[...]

SEND US $5.00 as a guarantee of good faith and we will send you any size safe by freight, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot and if you find it the equal of any proof combination lock and steel safe made and one-third the price charged by others for the same size and grade, pay your freight agent the special factory price and freight charges, less the $5.00 sent with order; otherwise return it at our expense and we will return your $5.00. 300-lb. ... lock safes for the home, $6.95; 300-lb. ... $11.95; 500 lbs., $17.95; 700 lbs., $21.95; ... $29.50; 1250 lbs., $32.50; very large double outside ... inside door safes for large business, factory, jewelry ... 50 inches high, 2500 lbs., $63.75; 68 inches high, ... $89.75. Freight averages 25 cents per 100 lbs. for ... for 1000 miles. 40 cents. WRITE FOR FREE ... CATALOGUE and special liberal C. O. D. offer. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. Chicago.

$1.98 BUYS A $3.50 [...]

3,000 CELEBRATED "NEVERWEAROUT" SEAT AND KNEE, REGULAR $3.50 BOYS' TWO PIECE KNEE PANTS SUITS AT $1.98. A NEW SUIT FREE FOR ANY OF THESE WHICH DON'T GIVE SATISFACTION. SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out and send to us, state age of boy and say whether large or small for age and we will send you the suit by express, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for $3.50, pay your express agent our Special Offer Price, $1.98, and express charges.

THESE KNEE PANT SUITS are for boys from 4 to 15 years of age and are retailed everywhere at $3.50. Made with DOUBLE SEAT and KNEES, latest 1900 style as illustrated, made from a special heavy weight, wear-resisting, all-wool Stanton Cassimere, neat, handsome pattern, fine Italian lining, genuine Grayden interlining, padding, staying and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, fine tailor-made throughout, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing for boys 4 to 19 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 95E, contains fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order. Men's Suits made to order from $5.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago.

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

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WOMEN AND DRESS.

A Few Rambling Observations by a Man Who Thinks He Knows Something About It.

Authorities say there are more women than men in the world. Also, there are more varieties. Every woman is a different variety—in fact, but two are chief, those who know how to dress and those who don't.

A gentleman is defined as one who is superior to his clothes, but the lady is known by them. Lady, therefore, is the first of the above-named two varieties.

Now it does not follow that a lady is one who is given to wearing gay gowns and giddy garments. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but a crow would look awkward with a peacock's tail.

The demure little lady with the pale complexion and dark limpid eyes and such a general air of sugar and simplicity knows that a plain gown of black or gray is just the thing she needs to complete the picture. Her frock will be plain to painfulness—on another girl—but she knows what suits her. If she can only get one of those chuck-me-under-the-chin bonnets and look up inquiringly from beneath its brim she knows the picture is perfect.

By the way, what does she inquire when she gives this glance? It may be, as Mr. Gilbert said, that she is wondering what on earth this world can be, but the chances are that she is silently and innocently inquiring if she isn't the sweetest thing in sight.

There are women who should always wear light and feathery, airy-fairy, puffy creations in costumes. These are usually the tall or medium-sized, willowy, blond type. Frills and furbelows are to them what fleecy clouds are to a summer sky.

As for the tailor-made girl, she is all right in the daylight, but not after dark.

Women are never vain. The one who stands half an hour before a mirror is merely looking for a chance to improve her appearance. She is never satisfied with herself five minutes at a time, and surely that is not vanity. Women are merely jealous or patronizing or covetous.

There are some women who can tell a dear sister that her dress or bonnet is a dream and then describe it as a freak to another, but that comes from envy. It all depends upon one's point of view. There may be a little deceit in it, but what is more natural than deceit?

By the way, I meant to have said that there are lots of young women who are not demure brunettes, nor yet willowy blonds nor tailor-made girls, who dress well. They always keep the picture in mind. They take liberties with Mme. Fashion, but they always study for the picture, although the use of paint is usually deplored.

Now, that is what catches the average man. He does not go into the details of dress unless he is employed in the woman's department of a store. The average man looks for effects. A big hat may catch his eye, but he generally is critical as to what is beneath it. A flashy waist may stir his attention, but his remarks may not always be commendatory. If the chief aim or woman is to get a husband a knowledge of this is of considerable moment.

The average man thinks a slack-dressed woman will be a slack housekeeper, and he is generally right. The woman who leaves large rents in her gloves is apt to overlook his hose and linen. And there you are.

But then it isn't the clothes that make the woman any more than the man. Now, there's the woman's woman—two kinds of her, in fact, the one they pet and the one they worship. The first is of the confiding sort about whom everyone remarks: "Isn't she just the dearest little thing?" for she has a trick of smuggling her way into the affections of all women that they prefer her company to a man's—sometimes.

The other is the kind that invites confidence. She is usually of the large-minded type of whom all women must stand in awe. They do it as women do almost everything, intuitively. And then there is the "motherly" woman, whom women worship more devotedly.

The average man when he meets these types has his well-defined ideas knocked askew. He is even more vague than ever on the clothes question then. As I said before, he only gets general impressions, but there are times when even his well-planned ideas fail him. Incidentally he has planned them all by the last woman he has met. Of course, they are shattered when he meets the next one. When he begins to think it over he finds, as a general rule, that the maxim stands true; there are only two kinds of women—those who know how to dress and those who don't.—Home Life.

An Inexhaustible Subject.

Dr. Lewis James, one of the leaders of the Greenacre Chautauqua in Maine, besides being a scholar is a good deal of a wit. Meeting a friend who was attending the recent summer session of the famous institution, he asked how he was enjoying himself. "Excellently, until yesterday," was the reply, "when I heard Prof. X——." "Didn't he lecture well?" asked the doctor. "Not at all," answered his friend, "he simply told us what he didn't know." "Ah!" queried the doctor, "then he is still talking?"—San Francisco Wave.

Those Inquisitive Youngsters.

"Papa, you took the scientific course in college, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear; I spent two years on science."

"When you look in a mirror the left side of your face appears to be the right side, and the right side seems to be the left. The looking glass reverses it, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face the same way?"

"Why—er—ah!" — Trained Motherhood.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

New York has twelve times as many churches as Berlin.

Refreshments are not served at parties because guests are hungry, but because people drop their reserve when eating begins and become sociable.

A firm in America is turning out large quantities of paper tiles which are used for roofing. They are reported to be hard and tough, and the glazing appears to be of the nature of Japanese lac. They are said to be exceedingly cheap, and can be fashioned in any color or shape to suit the purchaser.

According to official reports the weight of paid mail matter originating in Chicago during the 35 days between October 3 and November 6, when the mails were officially weighed by the government, was 3,882 tons. Counting government free mail, pouches and sacks, the total weight was 4,976 tons. During the same period the postal receipts from stamps and postal cards was $663,948.

It is proposed owing to the number of accidents that occur each year that the Maine legislature pass a law prohibiting the wearing by hunters of buff-colored clothes which may be mistaken at a distance for a deer. Ordinary hunting clothes are the worst possible thing for a man to wear in the northern woods. Accidents have been most frequent and several hunters are killed annually, often being shot by their friends, who think they see a deer.

Great Salt lake is receding on account of the excessive drain made upon it by irrigation enterprises. This lake is not fed by underground springs, but by the Jordan and other rivers, and when the waters of these streams are intercepted by irrigation purposes the water supply of the Salt lake is, of course, diminished so that the evaporation which is constantly going on is not made up by a new supply. In time it looks as if the lake will be only a bed of dry salt.

The director of the meteorological observatory on Mount Blanc has been considering the advisability of installing the Marconi wireless telegraphy system upon the mountain. The ordinary system of telegraphy is used normally, but the great snow drifts have played havoc with the telegraph wires. It is believed that the wireless system of telegraphy would prove not only valuable from a scientific point of view, but would also increase the safety of travelers upon the mountain.

LONDON IN 1784.

There Were Many Highwaymen and Footpads on the Road—Brass Knockers Stolen.

In 1784 M. La Combe published a book, entitled "A Picture of London," in which inter alia he says: "The highroads 30 or 40 miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads." This was then pretty true, though the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of 40 or 50 years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that "the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12 to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the maid forgets to unscrew them"—a precaution which seems to have gone out of fashion. "The arrival of the mails," our author says, "is uncertain at all times of the year. Persons who frequently receive letters should recommend their correspondents not to insert loose papers, nor to put the letters in covers, because the tax is sometimes treble, and always arbitrary, though in a free country. But rapacity and injustice are the deities of the English."

M. La Combe does not give us a flattering character! "An Englishman," he says, "considers a foreigner as an enemy, whom he dares not offend openly, but whose society he fears; and he attaches himself to no one." Perhaps it was so in 1784, but such feelings have nearly died out—at least among educated people. M. La Combe, in another part of his book, exclaims: "How are you changed, Londoners! Your women are become bold, imperious and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, coiners, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound; the baker mixes alum in his bread; the brewer puts opium and copper filings in his beer; the milkwoman spoils her milk with snails."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Vulture as a Trick Bird.

To teach a big black vulture as many tricks as a poodle has been the diversion of an English collector of uncanny pets. This monster bird, which has a fine sense of humor, will execute at the word of command an uncouth dance, using its huge wings to supplement the motions of its feet—now trailing them on the ground, now covering its head with them, and anon flapping them lugubriously. But the vulture's most engaging accomplishment is to beg for food. When he desires a choice shinbone he scorns to perform the undignified antics of a poodle, but prostrates himself with true oriental humility, drooping in every quill and resting the top of his bald head on the ground. This self-abasement is so complete that it has a nobility all its own. The bird's master is greatly attached to it, among other reasons because the great longevity of its species suggests the thought that it may have taken part in the great migration inspired by the mortality among Russian Norses at Sebastopol. Moreover, it is a relative of the condor of the Andes, largest of all birds.—N. Y. World.

In the North Land.

When poverty comes in at the door of an Eskimo cottage love doesn't fly out at the window—because it is windowless.—Chicago Daily News.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Short Suggestions Concerning Various Items of Domestic Labor.

Cocoa is now much used in the place of chocolate for icing cake. Beat the white of two eggs and stir into them nearly a cupful of powdered sugar and two teaspoonfuls of cocoa, or simply stir the sugar and cocoa to a paste with a little cold water, flavoring with vanilla. A third rule for icing calls for four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar boiled with the same quantity of water for a moment, then add two teaspoonfuls of cocoa and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and spread.

A "mountain dew" pudding that makes a simple and inexpensive but withal a favorite dessert calls for a pint of milk, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, one half cupful of rolled crackers, one teaspoonful lemon juice. Mix all together (saving out the whites of the eggs), and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. When firm and brown cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs and a cupful of sugar, and stiffen in a slow oven until a golden brown.

Among the new varieties of ice cream cherry bisque, which had its origin at Newport, and the Klondike, which hails from the far west, are perhaps the most popular. The first is made by adding canned sour cherries to a plain cream, while the latter is of almond paste made in cornucopia form filled with a whipped cream and soft custard slightly frozen. Over this congealed mass is an abundant spread of almonds.

Fat in any form should never be given to the sick, because it is in large globules, and, therefore, most difficult of digestion. Cream is in small globules, and therefore, easier to digest than fats, but skim milk, say the dietarians, is the best food for children and invalids. Milk given to the very sick should be diluted the same as for infants.

Mice are said to object to the odor of mint, a suggestion that may be utilized to advantage by the housekeeper who objects just as strongly to the small rodents. If fresh mint is not obtainable, liquid peppermint applied to the shelves of store room and pantry is said to be equally efficacious.

Common peach baskets lined with glazed paper cambric make a convenient receptacle for sweepings. A maid can readily take one of these with her from room to room, using it to receive the contents of the dust pan and hair receivers.

An English expedient for saving the corners of tablecloths and sheets from being torn on the clotheslines, consists in reenforcing them with tape. The tape is laid on flat and hemmed down for two or three inches each side of the corner.

To clean cork carpet, wash all over twice a week with skim milk, or polish with beeswax and turpentine, as you would a stained floor. The latter method darkens the cork and gives it a rich appearance.

A large rug of linen crash placed under the sewing machine will catch threads and clippings and save a deal of sweeping.

Hall rugs, intended to break the long narrow appearance, are greatly in vogue.—Washington Star.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

What Befalls the One Who Neglects to Provide for the "Rainy Day."

By most men the rosy dreams of youth are never realized. The workmen must always far outnumber the employers, more than 100 to 1. The man who puts off the practice of economy, waiting for a time when it will be easier for him to deprive himself of certain pet luxuries, learns when it is too late that he has passed the point where he can demand of the present that it shall help provide for his future. Among all the acquaintances I have had in the past 40 years, not one spendthrift among them has retired from business a successful man.

Possibly you may look upon that word "spendthrift" as one that cannot be applied to you. You may think it applies only to one who foolishly throws away a fortune. If you will turn to your dictionary you will read that he is a spendthrift who is improvident or wasteful. The word applies with equal force to the man earning ten dollars a week and to him who has thousands.

There are no miracles in a business career. The man who wins success has toiled early and late with all his powers of body and mind. He has been subservient to his ambition. He has pushed aside, because it was the first step toward success, every habit and desire that stood between him and his goal. No man was ever numbered among the successful ones unless he was waiting and prepared for Fortune when she knocked at his door. She has never yet been known to wait for any man or boy to prepare himself for her company. I know of no one habit that so thoroughly molds the character of a young man as the habit of economy. It gives him strength of will. It teaches him to look beyond an action to its final result. It continually reminds him that the pure, sweet, innocent pleasures of life are almost to be had for the asking, and that Satan is not only a cruel but an expensive taskmaster.—N. Y. Post.

This Happened in Pittsburgh.

Hotel Guest (as fire alarm sounds)—Does the fire department here have any difficulty in locating a fire?

Landlord—Not any more than in any other city, I suppose. But why do you ask?

"Well, it's so smoky here I don't see how they ever find the fire."—Chicago Evening News.

BOOKS, BOOKS!

Call at the NEWS office tonight and get your books.

The Globe Tailoring Co., Of Cincinnati,

will make an all wool suit to your exact measure for $18.50. When you get a perfect fit and satisfaction pay them—not before. Call on J. M. Spicer in Metropolitan Block and see samples.

YOUR CLOTHES

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S. T. W. MERRIEFUL,

Room 48 Swiss Block

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. H F Vertkamp, northeast corner Main and North streets.

A Serious Case.

Late one evening a doctor received a note from a couple of fellow-practitioners, saying: "Pray step across to the club. We are one short of a game of poker."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife, "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."—Tit-Bits.

The Unpardonable Part.

It is getting "found out" that is really the curse
Of our wrongs, for it can't be denied
That the rat in the trap may be not a bit worse
Than the one that is on the outside.
—Elliott's Magazine.

HARD ON THE FAIR SEX.

Dot (aged six)—Mamma, if I get married will I have to have a husband like papa?

Mamma—Yes.

Dot—And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Martha?

Mamma—Yes.

Dot (after a pause)—Mamma, it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?—Sketch.

A Short Story.

Fido was small, but dreadfully brave,
As every one knows, for one day
He barked at a great big railroad train,
And the railroad train ran away!
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Cloud's Golden Lining.

Henpeck—There is a man that has my pity and envy simultaneously—you see his wife is one of the most noted of naggers.

Friend—Now, where does your envy come in?

Henpek—Well, you see he is as deaf as a post and cannot hear a word she says.—Judge.

Living Up to His Principle.

"I tell you, sir, the tarring and feathering of that miserable scoundrel was an unpardonable outrage!"

"Why do you speak so warmly?"

"Because I'm vice president of the society that opposes the use of feathers in personal adornment!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Hope for Him.

"Then you cannot be the sunshine of my life?" asked the young man, with the insistence of one under a fixed idea.

"No," replied the lady detective, softly, "you know I am a professional shadow."—Indianapolis Journal.

When to Fly High.

First English Sparrow—The legislatures are offering rewards for our heads. Aren't you scared?

Second English Sparrow—No. I shan't worry until they call us game and pass laws to protect us.—N. Y. Weekly.

Really Remarkable Woman.

"What is there so remarkable about her?"

"Why, she's a woman who never kept house in her life, and yet she doesn't think she could settle the servant-girl problem."—Chicago Post.

Hot Campaign.

He—I went through the fight with that man.

She—In the Spanish war, I suppose you mean?

"Oh, no; in a church choir."—Yonkers Statesman.

WINTER TRIPS IN THE TROPICS.

The C H & D Ry has on sale at its principal ticket offices both single and round trip tickets to all points in Cuba and the West Indies-Belize, British Honduras, Livingston and Port Barrios, Guatamala, Port Cortez, Ceiba and Truxillo, Spanish Honduras,

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BEST SET OF TEETH $5.00.

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The NEWS is the medium through which the general public may have their wants supplied. Quick results; best returns. Situations or help wanted, lost and found, for rent, want to rent—all advetisements under these heads of 25 words, two insertions free to subscribers of this paper. For Sale are charged for payable in advance. The NEWS is the recognized directory for those desiring to supply such wants.

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—Girl immediately to assist in house keeping. No washing, no ironing. Apply at 746 west Market street.

WANTED—Young girl to assist with house work. Call at 200 Central avenue.

WANTED—Solicitors that are well acquainted in the city can make 2 to 4 dollars per day. None but hustlers need apply. Call at 703 east High street between 7 and 8 p m. 1w

WANTED—A good girl for general housework. Apply 624 north Main stree . 3t

WANTED—A position to do general housework by a good German country girl. No washing. D D, 743 south Elizabeth street.

WANTED—By man or wife place as first and second cook. Best references. Address Allyn, 232 Central avenue.

WANTED—Cook and dining room girl. Call at 931 south Main street.

WANTED—A young lady of neat appearance to assist in office. Must have reference and some knowledge of bookkeeping. Add "M" care NEWS.

WANTED—Woman for the kitchen also a woman for light laundry work. Apply at once. Hotel Cambridge.

FOR SALE-MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Cheap, a fine large St Bernard pup; 10 month old, stands 34 inches high, weighs about 150 lbs. color yellow. Call at 1013 Hughes avenue.

FOR SALE—Three new houses on Bellefontaine ave. Will sell on monthly payments, for less than rent. Call on T K Wilkins, 22 Opera block.

FOR SALE—County map; latest make; will sell at a bargain. Inquire at the NEWS office.

FOR SALE—One good cow one half Jersey will be fresh soon inquire of W. F. Baker Lima, O.

FOR SALE—A good three year old Brookful colt (broke). Will sell cheap if sold soon. Call at 928 Hughes ave.

FOR SALE—A light delivery wagon, counter table 11 ft long, writing desk and large map of the world. Will sell cheap. Enquire at 727 south Main street. 3t

LOST—An account book with papers and a union card of stonecutter. Return to Fred Ulrich, 524 south West street, or this office.

LOST—A pocket book in some store on Main street yesterday morning. Finder please leave at NEWS office. Containing papers and money. Mrs. Stumpner.

FOR SALE—1 swell bed sleigh, 1 horse in good condition will sell cheap. Call at 714 Atlantic avenue.

FOR RENT, ETC.

FOR RENT—House of six rooms, one square from opera house. Enquire at NEWS office.

FOR RENT—A good desirable dwelling with all modern conveniences located on west Spring street. Enquire at Gooding's Shoe Store, 230 north Main street.

FOR RENT—A good new house in west part of Lima. Bath, cellar, gas, cistern, city water, also barn if desired. Call at room 2 Satterthwaite Block. Rent very low to good party.

FOR RENT—Eight room house, modern improvements. Enquirer F X Galarneau, 420 west Wayne street

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Editors and Managers.

Subscribers who fail to receive their paper, will confer a favor by reporting to this office either by postal card or telephone.

The News solicits from its readers communications discussing pertinent questions.

WATSON'S WEATHER

Snow tonight and Thursday.

WANTED TO BE HANGED.

A convicted murderer who has served ten years in the Kansas penitentiary recently wrote to Gov. Stanley imploring that official to order the warden to hang him, and threatened to commit suicide if the request should not be complied with. Gov. Stanley replied as follows: "I have a rule in this office that before I will entertain an application for pardon the petition must have the support of the judge who sentenced and the county attorney who prosecuted, or some reason given for this omission. I suppose I ought to apply this rule where a person wants to be hanged. If you desire execution, kindly procure the recommendation of the judge and county attorney and such other responsible parties in the county where you were convicted as will give the application weight, and I will then give it due consideration." In Kansas, it may be added, persons convicted of murder in the first degree are sentenced to be hanged whenever the governor shall sign their death warrants. No governor has ever signed a death warrant, and so the penitentiary contains scores of prisoners under sentence to be hanged.

A story told in the Boston Transcript says that one day lately a sour-visaged, middle-aged, fussy lady got on one of the smoking seats on an open car in the subway. Next to her sat a man who was smoking a cigar. More than that, the lady, sniffing, easily made out that the man had been eating onions. Still more than that, she had the strongest kind of suspicion that he had been drinking beer. The lady fussed and wriggled and grew angrier, and looked at the man scornfully. Presently she could endure it no longer. She looked squarely at him and said: "If you were my husband, sir, I'd give you a dose of poison!" The man looked at her. "If I were your husband," said he, "I'd take it."

The English language should be so amended as to preclude the legal word "infant" from applying to all persons under 21 years of age. There is something so babyish in the term, says a southern contemporary, that it is hard to reconcile it with the idea of a person 20 years 11 months and 29 days of age, though such an individual would undoubtedly be an infant in the eyes of a court of chancery. This seeming inconsistency was absurdly demonstrated in New York a few days ago, when an "infant," not quite 21 years old, weighing 195 pounds and standing six feet one inch tall, was represented in court by a father who wanted his son's marriage annulled.

An extensive poultry raiser of Coffeyville, Kan., having read in an agricultural journal that boracic acid would preserve chicken meat almost indefinitely, assumed that the chemical should be mixed with the feed of the fowls and given to them to eat. He tried the experiment, with the result that 762 of his 800 chickens died within 24 hours. He sued the editor of the paper, but the court held that any man of ordinary intelligence should have known better than to try to preserve the flesh of living fowls by means of chemicals.

The safest plan to pursue at a reception where the waiters and male guests are clad in swallow tails, says an authority on society matters, is to jam your hands into your trousers' pockets and jingle a few coins when you meet a stranger. If his eyes begin to bulge and his hand commences to travel toward you he's a waiter. This is a straight tip.

In a Chicago court, when a woman lawyer won a case from an assistant prosecuting attorney, the latter is said to have immediately proposed marriage to her and was as promptly refused. It is not improbable that she told him she would be a sister-in-law to him.

A retired Mississippi steamboat captain intends to make his will by talking it into a phonograph and having the receiving cylinder preserved so that in case of contest it can be produced in court.

It is a singular fact that the American people generally seem to be more interested in the war in South Africa than they are in the military operations in the Philippines.

When a man arrested in Boston on a charge of nonsupport was fined $20 his neglected wife secured his release by paying his fine. Then, under a provision of the law covering such cases, which provides for the payment of the amount of the husband's fine to the wife, the sum was refunded to the woman and the pair departed rejoicing.

HELD UP BY CROWS.

Big Flock of Voracious Birds Attack a Truck Farmer.

Sink Their Beaks in His Cheek, Slap His Face with Their Wings and Get Away with Five Pounds of His Sausage.

A thousand voracious crows swooped down on John Schmidt, a German truck farmer, the other morning, took from him a five-pound package of sausage, and flew away.

The experience of Schmidt is one of the most remarkable of the kind that ever decorated the books of the Chicago police department. His farm is at Fifty-second and Humboldt avenues, Chicago. The attack upon him was made near his home when he was returning from a meat market a half-mile away. His face and hands show the effects of his fight with the birds, and a Newfoundland dog that accompanied him lost one of his eyes.

Schmidt reported his experience at the Cragin police station in the afternoon. He speaks English but imperfectly, and with difficulty made himself understood. He said he noticed a large flock of crows when he left his home to go to the market. Like all others who are familiar with the habits and cowardly disposition of the bird, he had no fear of them. He walked with his dog to the market, bought five pounds of sausage, and started home.

He was within a short distance of the farm, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, when he saw the sky darkened by a great flock of crows. There must have been a thousand of them, he said. Everyone of the flock seemed to be "cawing," and the combined efforts produced a noise loud if not harmonious.

The flock came directly toward him, he said, and commenced to circle about him. He stopped and watched the strange sight. The circle gradually became smaller, and suddenly the birds

STRUCK HIM IN THE FACE.

swooped down upon him before he could make up his mind what to do.

The dog barked savagely, and Schmidt picked up a stone in a vain effort to defend himself. But before he could hurl it a big crow sunk its beak in his right cheek, and a score of others struck at him with their talons. They struck him in the face with their wings, all the time keeping up a hideous "cawing."

For five minutes the battle continued, Schmidt all the time hanging onto his package of sausage like grim death. But in one great effort to free himself of his tormentors, he let the package fall, and then the battle ended.

The birds fell upon the meat, and in a twinkling the paper was torn to shreds, the crows one by one seized a link, and flew away.

Schmidt, bleeding and with his clothes torn, made his way, with his dog, to the farmhouse, and later in the day the strange case of "crow hold-up" was reported to the police.

The only theory advanced that might explain the remarkable attack is that the crows may have been driven to the attack by extreme hunger. On account of the warm weather their flight to the warm south has been delayed. The crops are all gathered, and their source of food is gone.

To add to Schmidt's misfortunes, his crops were nearly ruined during the summer by the crows. As he expressed it: "Dey dock my grops und now dey dock my sissage."

A Veteran Suffocated.

Xenia, O., Dec. 27.—Andrew J. Gregory was suffocated by smoke from a fire which broke out at an early hour Tuesday morning in C. N. Thompson's saloon, above which was his sleeping room. The fire was caused by a small gasoline lamp which was left burning. Gregory was dead when found. He was an old soldier and had been making his home at the Indiana state soldiers' home before he came here.

"Kid" McMunn in Mexico.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 27.—Notorious "Kid" McMunn, of the "Blinky" Morgan gang, said to be one of the four robbers who killed Officer Hulligan, of Cleveland, has been located in Mexico. Efforts will be made to bring him here for trial.

Probably Fatally Burned.

Cincinnati, Dec. 27.—Marie Mountain, aged 19, whose mother conducts a boarding-house at 218 West Ninth street, at 10:30 Tuesday morning was probably fatally burned. Her clothes caught fire from the grate.

Added to Gov.-Elect Nash's Staff.

Columbus, O., Dec. 27.—The appointment of Col. C. B. Adams, of Delaware, as assistant adjutant general, was announced by Gov.-elect Nash Tuesday.

West Union, O., Dec. 27.—The 12-year-old son of Charles Pittinger, Decatur, died from the effects of eating too much holiday candy.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Frank Burkhart and wife went to Cincinnati this morning.

Miss Dot Reeves, of north Main street, is laid up with an attack of quinsey.

Dean Hall and wife, of Ft Wayne, are visiting Mr and Mrs Elias Johns in this city.

Lyman Shook, of Grigly, Kansas, is visiting his brother, J J Shook, of west North street.

Miss Elizabeth Murphy, of Sidney, is the guest of her brother Richard Murphy and wife.

Mrs H S Reeves, of north Main Street, is recovering from a severe attack of lagrippe.

Miss Georgia Gander, of Ottawa, is the guest of Anna Kendrick, of 622 south Main street.

Miss Anna Gallagher, of north Elizabeth street, is the guest of her sister in Hamilton, Ohio.

Rolland Mikesell, of the Lutheran College, is spending the holidays at his home in Miami county.

Miss Anna Montanus, of Sidney, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs W D Gallagher, of north Elizabeth street.

Mr Steve Miller, of 306 Tingle avenue, was home from Geneva, to spend Christmas with his family.

Mr Alvin McKibben is home from Dayton, spending the holidays with his parents and friends in the city.

Mrs John Stanshower, of Weston, and her grand daughter, of Leipsic, are visiting Mrs Henry Hoover.

George Craig, of Melrose, Ohio, is the guest of his uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs A G McKinney and family

J W Makley has returned home from a trip over his route in the interest of the wholesale fruit business.

W R McSaffey is home from the Joplin, Mo., lead and zinc mining fields, to spend the holidays with his family.

George Bogardus, wife and daughter, Agnes, of Kokomo, Ind., are spending the week with south side relatives.

Misses Bertha and Nettie Hall, of Lafayette, Ind., are the guests of their aunt, Mrs Barbara McKinney, of north Jefferson street.

John J Murphy, of east Wayne street, has gone to Springfield to spend the holidays with relatives and other friends in that city.

Misses Winnifred and Anna Meyer, of north Elizabeth street, went to Delphos yesterday to spend the holidays with her grandmother.

Dr J E Mell, the druggist at Main and Vine streets, who has been laid up with a sore arm, is much better, and able to be at the store again.

Mr and Mrs Samuel Kaser and Walter Priestep, and son Leo, of Sidney, are the guests of Mr and Mrs E L Kraft, of east Kibby street.

Mr R Pieace and daughter Mary, from Delaware, O., are spending the holidays with their son and brother, C R Pierce at 868 east High street.

C N Shook and family, of Jackson Center, who have been the guests of his parents Mr and Mrs George Shook since Friday have returned home.

Hazel Melching, daughter of Marshall Melching of Wapakoneta, is visiting her grandparents, P H Willams and wife, of east High street.

Mr George Vermillion and wife, of North Baltimore are visiting Mrs Vermillion's parents, Mr and Mrs Henry Hoover, 420 south Pine street.

Mrs Albert and granddaughter Ollive, of Upper Sandusky, is visiting her daughters, Mrs E Pottes and Mrs Johnnie Patton, 574 Pennsylvania avenue.

Nellie Heath returned to her home in Toledo yesterday morning, after spending Christmas as the guest of her aunt, Mrs Adah Roche, of east Market street.

Margaret Hope Tully, of St Marys, came over Saturday to spend Christmas at the home of her friends, Mrs Sarah Miller and Nina McKinney, of north Jefferson street.

Miss Leona Boesel, of New Bremen, O, is spending the holidays the guest of Mrs Fred Cook, of east Market street.

Mr Johnson, of St Marys, is here the guest of his parents, Mr and Mrs S Johnson, of 540 north Elizabeth street, over the holidays.

Howe Woodruff and wife were the guests of Columbus relatives over Sunday.

W L Gillam, of Chicago, is the guest of Rev J C Thomas and family.

B B DeHart, of Livingston, Mont, is visiting his cousin James A Jacobs.

Mr and Mrs Bogardus, of Kokomo, Ind, are the guests of South Side relatives.

Miss Sadie Brollier, of Columbus, O, is spending the holidays with her aunt, Mrs Emma Disman, and visiting other friends.

Al Applas and Carl Altschul spent Christmas with their friends at Findlay.

Miss Lela Harley, of Xenia is the guest of Mr and Mrs James Harley, of west North street.

Roy Crabb, who has been with Hagenbach's for the past three months has returned to his home in this city

Bar Scouring Soap free at Watson's this week.

EACH SWEARS

The Other Stole the Chickens and so It Ends.

There was a scene of amusement in the police court this morning when the case of chicken thievery came up against Tommy Purcell and Will Kennedy. Conductor Al Johnson, of the Erie, has been missing chickens from his hennery of late, and Christmas night he accidentally saw one of his hens in the possession of another man. Johnson purchased it, and then hunted up the man who had originally sold it.

This investigation led to the arrest of Purcell and Kennedy. Mr Johnson told about this story when on the stand; Operator Thatcher told of having seen the men raffling off the chickens; A. Stevens told of having purchased the hen, later purchased from him by Johnson, of Purcell in Whitey Sullivans saloon. Sullivan himself stated that Kennedy walked into his saloon with the chicken, and that Purcell bought it, then raffled it off again, and won it back, selling it to Stevens. Saloonist Pelligrini and Officers Heffern, Drennen, Patton and others testified likewise. When Purcell took the stand he declared Kennedy had gotten the chickens, and had asked him to carry them; said he went to Kennedy's house, where he got the hens.

He vowed Kennedy stated to him that he got the chickens from the coops of Mr Johnson; Kennedy on the other hand swore he never saw the chickens, except the first one, until he was brought into the police station. The court stated it had no final jurisdiction in the case, but if it had, he would find both guilty. They were held to the grand jury.

The Fidelity Coal Co., 338 east North street have all kinds of good coal for sale. Deliveries promptly made. Both 'phones No. 16. 2t

Life size portraits are still 98c. 109 east Wayne street. 1m

14 Bars good Soap 25c at Watson's.

Findlay Republican:—Miss Edna Arnold was the hostess last evening at her home on Maple avenue for an informal company given for the pleasure of her guest, Miss Alta Maple, of Lima. It was a delightful evening, an enjoyable supper being an especially pleasing feature.

Prof Stanley—Portrait artist, employs no agents. Pictures must be brought to studio. 1m

"MIDNIGHT IN CHINATOWN."

"Midnight in Chinatown" will be presented at the Opera House, Thursday night with a cast of twenty people, produced with a lavish display of magnificent scenic environment. Among the many scenes may be mentioned, the beautiful Mountain Top House, a summer resort in the mountains of California. A superb reproduction of Meiggs wharf and San Francisco Bay. The Owl Resort, and the interior of an opium den, in which at the midnight hour is enacted the great sensational climax of a story of absorbing interest. Bright comedy permeates the entire 4 acts, and several pleasing specialties are introduced in a scene especially created for this purpose.

Get that Apex Ham and Bacon at Watson's.

NEXT TO PRESIDENT.

Death of Vice President Hobart Elevates John Hay.

In the Event of McKinley's Passing Away the Secretary of State Would Become the Nation's Chief Executive.

John Hay, who, by reason of his position of secretary of state, would become president of the United States in the event of Mr. McKinley's death, is a man of wide experience and attractive personality. He was born in Salem, Ind., 61 years ago, but spent most of his boyhood days in Urbana, Ill. His father was the leading physician of that section of Illinois, and stories are still told about the "old doctor" by the older residents of Champaign and adjoining counties. The doctor and his sorrel horse were famous for 50 miles in any direction from Urbana. He was a man of affairs and gave his sons fine educations and a good start in the world. John Hay graduated at Brown university, and early in 1861 was admitted to the practice of law in Springfield. Won by the young man's pleasing address and by his evident strength of character, President Lincoln asked him to go to Washington as his private secretary. Thus, at the age of 22, he was thrown into the midst of mighty events—the most important in the nation's history.

John Hay remained with President Lincoln until the assassination. He then tried the army for a time, but soon went abroad, spending two or three years as secretary of the American legations at Vienna and Madrid respectively. In 1870 he became editorial writer on the New York Tribune, which position he held for five years. In 1875 he removed to Cleveland, O., where he married the daughter of Amasa Stone, the king of lake navigation and iron interests. He was active in politics for several years and in 1879 was appointed assistant secretary of state, a place he held about 18 months. He was appointed ambassador to Great Britain by President McKinley early in 1897 and

SECRETARY OF STATE HAY.
(Official Next in Succession to President McKinley.)

in the autumn of 1898 was invited to become secretary of state. He is now in line of succession for president. It will be seen that for nearly 40 years Mr. Hay has been in the whirl of national politics and diplomacy. He is equipped by nature and training for the discharge of the duties of any office to which he might be called by choice or circumstances.

Secretary Hay lives in a fine mansion on the north side of Lafayette square, fronting the white house and two short blocks distance therefrom. It is a four-story brick and stone house surrounded by generous grounds. Across Sixteenth street is situated St. John's church, the fashionable Episcopal establishment in Washington. On the north corner of the square is the famous Corcoran mansion, occupied for many years by the celebrated philanthropist of that name. The Hays have been social leaders in the capital for 20 years or more. They are very popular there. Personally Secretary Hay is affable and courteous under all circumstances. He is approachable and easy without inviting familiarity.

The elder Miss Hay is what is known as a new girl. She writes and is athletic, but she is also quite a society girl, for she dances and enjoys her chances to the utmost.

Not long ago she wrote this poem:

Sigh not for love, the ways of love are dark.
Sweet child, hold up the hollow of your hand
And catch the sparks that flutter from the stars.
See how the late sky spreads its flushing bars;
They are dead roses from your own dead land
Tossed high by kindly breezes, lean and bark
And you shall know how morning sheds her lark
The Timid Dawn, herself a little child.

Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Hobart, the two richest women in Washington, were accused of measuring swords, each trying to outdo the other in hospitality, but the utmost good feeling existed, and no one regretted the serious condition of the head of the Hobart family more than Secretary and Mrs. Hay.

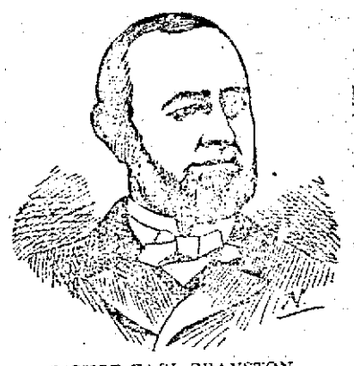
Old-Time Life Preservers.

Many years ago a fire occurred on a Staten Island ferryboat which created a panic similar to that which was caused by the sinking of the Chicago. But in those days women wore balmorals and hoopskirts, and all who had the courage to leap into the water were saved, for their hoops ballooned their clothes and kept them afloat until help arrived. A woman once tried to commit suicide by leaping from a bridge, but, having neglected to remove her crinoline, she floated around as lively as a duck while half the population of the town decided her. For three hours she was kept in the water, most of the time crying and promising, and when hauled out was completely cured of the self-destructive mania.

TRAVELING IN JAPAN.

Bishop Earl Cranston Speaks of His Experience in Hotels in the Mikado's Realm.

Bishop Earl Cranston in the Northwestern Christian Advocate has been telling the readers of that paper something of his experiences in hotels in Japan. Naturally they were very novel. The guest enters a little area, practically an extension of the street or sidewalk, and sees before him a low platform or raised floor, from which he is greeted by the host with profound bows, forehead touching the floor. Nothing resembling the European or American hotel office is seen—only a little table with an inkstone, where accounts are made up. Servants promptly



BISHOP EARL CRANSTON.
(Methodist Divine Who Has Recently Returned from the Orient.)

assist the guests to take off their shoes and then sandals are supplied if the travelers have none of their own; they are then escorted upstairs, without rails, to a ten-mat room or a 12-mat room, etc., the price varying according to the number of mats. As the latter are soft and noiseless they are soon appreciated by the tired tourist. Even in winter the only heating apparatus visible is a box of ashes "with a nest of coals;" the doors are of paper and work on slides, and with a slight push from the outside every movement of the guest is visible. The waiters are called by clapping the hands and approach the guest on their knees to receive his commands. In the absence of chairs the traveler has to content himself with mats and sitting upon his heels, Japanese fashion, or in some adaptation of it. As to meals, "foreign food"—beefsteak, chickens, butter, eggs and potatoes—can now be had at all the leading hotels, though sometimes it is spoiled in the cooking. Perhaps nowhere else are travelers treated with the courtesy and distinction they are in Japan—a reason, possibly, why the "land of the morning calm" of late years has become so popular with tourists.

SIR CORNELIUS CLERY.

Commander of the Second Division of Gen. Buller's Army Corps in South Africa.

Maj. Gen. Sir Cornelius Francis Clery, K. C. B., in command of the Second division of Buller's army corps in South Africa, is now matched against Gen. Joubert, and these two old and grizzled soldiers may fight it out in Natal. Gen. Clery is an officer of European reputation. "Clery on Minor Tactics" is a standard work in the educational department of every army on the continent. Its author has been a British officer 41 years, entering the army at 21. He was given his present rank in

SIR CORNELIUS CLERY.
(Commander of the Second Division of Gen. Buller's Army.)

1894. As a tactician he is probably without an equal, and his executive and administrative ability has stood some of the most severe tests. He has done considerable fighting in Egypt and Zululand and has been assigned to special service at the Cape. His extraordinary knowledge of tactics will not be useless in his engagements with the Boers.

Chinese Visiting Cards.

The Chinese visiting cards consist of a large sheet of bright scarlet paper bearing the name of the owner in very large letters, the larger the better. The paper is folded ten times, and the name is written on the right-hand lower corner, prefixed thus: "Your unworthy friend, who bows his head and pays his respects," "Your very stupid brother," or something to that effect. In place of "Yours truly," "Your stupid" is written on the Chinese card. The return of these cards to the visitor is considered etiquette. They are too costly for general distribution. So it is necessary that each card should do duty several times.

Giraffe Is Disappearing.

A good giraffe skin is worth from ten to twenty dollars in South Africa to-day, and much more in Europe. On their hunting trips ten or fifteen years ago it was a common matter for one hunter to kill 40 or 50 of these graceful animals in one day.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

BRIBERY

Charged Against

W. J. Hilands, a Cleveland Broker

In the Standard Oil Company's Case.

What is Doing in the Oil Fields.—Runs and Shipments.

Cleveland, Ohio, December 27.—W J Hilands, the Cleveland broker, yesterday returned from Chicago, and in discussing the sensational bribery charges made by Attorney-General Monnett that he (Hilands) was connected with the alleged attempt to bribe Monnett in connection with the Standard Oil cases said:

"On my return from Chicago I have just seen a copy of the Cincinnati Enquirer of December 20, 1899, in which appears an interview of Smith M Bennett, in the presence of the Attorney-General, with a correspondent of that paper.

"So far as that interview attempts to connect me, through C B Squire, with the alleged attempt to bribe the Attorney-General, it is absolutely false. I never had any authority from C B Squire, of the Standard Oil Company to make any proposition to C B Squire or to have any interview with him upon the subject, or to suggest to him the propriety of seeing the Attorney-General, and I never represented to him or anybody that at any time or place, or in any manner, I was authorized to speak for any official of the Standard Oil Company or anybody connected therewith, directly or indirectly."

The outlook from the standpoint of the producer is about tho same as it was one week ago. The position of shipments and runs is not as favorable as it was one month ago this time. However, on the whole, the month's business promises to show a reduction of stocks as well as a decline in operations in some quarters. The winter thus far has been very propitious. The roads have been good and the weather all that could be desired for extending operations. After all we fail to find any increase in the daily output. As said by a Bowling Green operator the other day, it is not the inside but the outside that is to be feared. They may drill the inner circles till their hair is gray and they will still be short of oil.

Runs and Shipments.

Shipments and runs of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana fields up to and including November 19 as published in the Pittsburg Dispatch:

Pennsylvania Oil.	
Shipments	50,941
Previously reported	1,607,593
Total	1,658,534
Daily average	75,388
Runs.	
For same time	86,468
Previously reported	1,798,861
Total	1,885,329
Daily average	85,696
Lima Oil.	
Shipments	47,369
Previously reported	1,141,937
Total	1,189,306
Daily average	54,059
Runs.	
For same time	Not Reported
Previously reported	948,331

A DAY IN LIMA.

John Marzetti, many years ago engaged in the fruit business on Main street just north of the square, died in Columbus Christmas.

Leonard Walther has been elected district representative of the I O O F. Mr W is a member of Lima Lodge.

The weather was somewhat warmer this morning, the thermometer registering 17 degrees above zero while yesterday morning it was but 7 above.

Mrs Nelson Shook is in Kenton to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Mildred Scott, which will take place January 4th.

Edgar Hauenstein, who had one of his eyes badly lacerated by the breaking of his glasses and who was in the Lima hospital, has been taken to a hospital at Ann Arbor, for treatment.

A defective electric wire caused a small fire in the cloak room at the Lima House last night about ten o'clock. By the aid of a chemical the fire was extinguished and no alarm was sent in.

At the Shawnee Bowling alleys last night the Eurekas defeated the Maple Leafs and the Tigers beat the Orphans.

This evening the Christain Endeavor of the south side Church of Christ, will hold an acquaintance social at the home of Miss Lelia McGuire, on north McDonald street, between North and Wayne streets. All members and friends of the society cordially invited.

We hereby wish to extend our thanks to the many friends who so kindly showed their sympathy at the death of our beloved husband, father, Allen Clum: also for the beautiful floral tributes. Mrs Allen Clum, D W Clum, J W Clum, T A Clum, Mrs S M Long.

A hearty welcome to the poor people of Lima. The motto of the Salvation Army is to help the helpless and lift the fallen. On New Year's Day there will be a free dinner given to the poor at the Salvation Army Hall on Elm street. Every one wishing to donate money or food of any kind it will be thankfully received in the Master's name. Ensign Schmerim.

Mr and Mrs John Black, of west Spring street, will celebrate their 62d wedding anniversary tomorrow.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Mary J. Bonn, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on Saturday, Febuary 17th, 1900, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. at the law office of Dallas Flannagan, No. 20, Broad street, New York City, the deposition of Frank Bonn will be taken, to be used on behalf of plaintiff in the case of August L. Bonn against Mary J. Bonn, Probate Court, Allen County, Ohio.

AUGUST L. BONN, Plaintiff.
COPELAND & ROGERS, Attorneys.
Dec. 27th. 6t

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE

Thursday, Dec. 28.

W. O. Edmunds' Splendid Sensational Production,

MIDNIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

A cast of 20 characters.
Sumptuous special scenery.
6 strong specialties—6.
A performance to please everyone.
Usual Prices.

IT WOULD PLEASE YOU TOO!

To Find One of Crossley's Steaks
At Your Elbow.
Wednesday's Menu
Meats
Sirloin, Porterhouse, Chuck, Pork,
Lamb, Veal
Poultry
Turkeys, Ducks, Squabs.
Vegetables
Celery, Cabbage, Lettuce.
Full Line of Groceries in Stock.
Elmer Crossley
209 South Main Street, Crossley Block.

MURDERED HIS WIFE

And Fatally Shot Himself, so the Rumor States.

A report was received in the city from Springfield, Ohio, this morning telling of a horrible affair, if true. The report states that Frank H Coe, formerly residing at 216 west Kibby street, and employed as a driver for the Enterprise Laundry, had murdered his wife, while in a drunken condition, and fatally shot himself.

Nothing to substantiate the rumor could be learned by THE NEWS, and telegrams were sent all Springfield papers, and the authorities, but no replies have been received.

OLDEST RACE ON EARTH.

The Pygmies of the African Forests Date Back Many Centuries Before Christ.

What a sight! Could anything be more like fairyland! There stood half a dozen little denizens of the dense primeval forest, sturdy and strong, and yet standing under four feet in height, dark, tan-colored skin, with eyes like coal-black diamonds, sparkling in their sockets. Here were the pygmies! Perhaps the oldest race of people to be found anywhere on God's earth, here stood before me, descendants of those, who, 3,500 years B. C., were known to the ancient Egyptians. No wonder we looked with awe upon so wonderful a race, and very naturally I began to long to find out whether they were really human beings or a lower form of creation. I had not long to wait in suspense, for upon questioning this very strange visitor, who, by some extraordinary chance, could speak the Toro language, known also to myself, I found a very keen intelligence. He told me the approximate number of his tribe in the following manner: Picking up a piece of dead stick, he broke it into many pieces and placed these in a long row one by one, saying, as he did so: "That is a chief like myself." Having put a great number of these bits of stick on the ground, I asked him how many men each little chief had, and these he indicated in a similar way, only making each bit of stick refer to ten men, and then I was able to find that the number of his tribe was about 10,000. In other ways he showed his intelligence and keen appreciation of a joke. The strains of music that proceeded from my English concertina particularly charmed his savage little breast. Indeed, all the pygmies stood with wide-open mouths listening to the strange sounds. One of them was carrying a tiny wooden whistle, and I asked the chief to tell him to blow it. This he did, making a most piercing sound. When I asked its use he laughed, and then proceeded to tell me that it was used for one pygmy to call to another, and it appears that at great distances they can make themselves understood according to the note and the number of notes played.—A. B. Lloyd, in Ainslee's.

William Harrison, arrested for having found and retained the pocket book lost by Mrs Wm Hover, containing $37, was arraigned this morning and pleaded not guilty. He states that he is willing to retrun the same, and merely picked the book up. His trial was set for three o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The best and sweetest meat on earth is Apex Hams and Bacon only at Watson's.

DEATH OF JAMES MELL

James Mell, aged 58 years, died last night at his home corner of Union and Pearl streets, of bright's disease. The funeral will occur tomorrow afternoon. Deceased was a member of the G A R.

Get Watson's Home Made Mince Meat.

ATTENTION G A R.

Mart Armstrong Post will assemble in G A R Hall at 12:30 sharp, Dec. 28th for the purpose of attending the funeral of Comadore James Mell. By order of E F Davis, Adjt. O Francis, Post Commander.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

BOOKS, BOOKS!

Call at the NEWS office tonight and get your books.

THE YOUNGEST OFFICER.

He is Lieut. Hugh J. McElgin, of the Forty-Seventh Infantry.

Lieut. Hugh J. McElgin, of the Forty-seventh infantry, now in Manila, is, it is asserted, the youngest officer in the volunteer service. He has only just passed his nineteenth birthday, says the New York Herald.

He belongs in Brooklyn, N. Y. When the war began he enlisted with his brother in Col. Grant's regiment, the Fourteenth. As he had been trained in the College cadet corps of St. Francis Xavier's, this city, he had charge of recruits at Camp Black and Chickamauga. In the latter camp he was stricken with typhoid fever and was sent back to Brooklyn unattended and in a seemingly dying state, under conditions of the most shocking inhumanity. He recovered at home and was mustered out with the regiment.

He then stood a competitive examination for Representative Clayton's cadetship at Annapolis and came out as the alternate. When the Forty-seventh regiment was organized he got his commission. In his company there are men who have served in half a dozen wars, and they regard him as a baby soldier. On the way out to San Francisco he was officer of the day and went through the train confiscating the flasks that too hospitable friends gave the men. One old toper, who was caught in the act, when he saw the bottle flying out of the car window turned on him and with withering scorn said:

"You miserable little kid, if it was milk I'd have given it to you. You need it."

NOBODY CLAIMED THE WATCH.

That Is Why the Relator of This Story Kept a Remarkable Timepiece.

"Great Scott! but that's a fine watch," came from a chorus. "Where'd you ever get it?"

"Stole it," answered its possessor, calmly, relates the Philadelphia Inquirer. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it there were a half dozen others in the place besides myself who might be considered as possible victims. When the time came the lights were put out suddenly and then we had 'rough house' for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch and reached out after him. I caught some one and felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave his wrist a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light I found the watch was this one. And as I never heard from the owner I have it to compensate for the loss of mine."

After which the waiter hurried over in response to six different signals.

INFLUENZA FROM OZONE.

Pure Air from Lake Michigan Gave an Investigator an Extremely Hard Cold.

On one occasion the present writer walked to the edge of Lake Michigan when a strong wind was blowing right from the lake. The bodily condition was as near perfect as could be, says Popular Science, and yet in less than five minutes there was every evidence of having caught an extremely hard cold. The severe influenza continued until, on walking away, in less than 500 feet, it disappeared as if by magic. It is very certain that the temperature had nothing to do with this, nor the wind, but the influenza was directly due to the abundant ozone in the air. By inquiry it was learned that hundreds of residents who had lived upon the immediate edge of the lake had been obliged to move back three or four miles in order to relieve themselves from such experiences. Physicians readily admit that it is not always possible to say why one "catches" cold; it certainly cannot always be because of undue exposure or change in temperature, but probably also to changes in the electric condition of the air. Facts of this kind should lead to the extremest caution in studying any supposed relation between the weather and health.

BURIED TREASURE.

Hidden Gold Over Which a Blind Negro Raved for Thirty-Five Years.

There is an old negro, Uncle Tom Weston, down on the Florida side of the Okefinokee swamp, who has raved for 35 years about a buried treasure which he is unable to recover. He says, reports the Cincinnati Enquirer, his old master buried $25,000 in gold during the civil war when Sherman's army was marching through Georgia. He carried the treasure box for his master and dug a hole in the swamp in which the gold was buried. An accident made him blind before the war and he was not able to see where the treasure was concealed. His master died during the war without recovering the gold and left no instructions concerning it. Uncle Tom has suffered from rheumatism for many years and is a cripple. Though he is blind and crippled, Uncle Tom has made many trips to the swamp in quest of the hidden treasure, only to be disappointed. The old man is afraid somebody has already recovered it, as he understands several parties instituted a search. He is the oldest negro in the Okefinokee region, and he sits on his door sill all day long, wondering about the buried treasure and sorrowing because he must die without succeeding in recovering it.

TERRIBLE UPHEAVAL

Volcano in New Zealand Which Is Equal to Vesuvius.

Its Eruption in 1886 Left Some Strange and Beautiful Effects—Changed the Whole Country in the Short Time of Six Hours.

The white terraces of Rotomahana rose up in a series of 20 platforms in the form of a gigantic stairway. Each terrace was perfectly horizontal and of dazzling whiteness. The top step was vertically 80 feet above the base and sat 300 feet back. From every platform bubbles copious clouds of steam. A stream of boiling water continually flowed from the geysers, and as it fell slowly from tier to tier the silicates with which the water was heavily charged became deposited, on its exposure to the air, and wonderful lace-work designs of infinite variety and of dazzling whiteness and purity were formed. Not far from the white terrace was another termed the "Pink Terrace," where, owing to some coloring substance in the silicious waters falling from the geysers, the deposits were of a delicate pine hue, from which was derived the name "Pink Terrace."

Unfortunately New Zealand no longer possesses this unique spectacle, for the terraces are no more. The various agencies of nature which originally built up such curious forms served in turn to destroy them. Mr. Falconer gives a graphic description of the event. He was residing at that time about 40 miles distant from Tarawera. In 1886, on June 10, the night was clear and calm. Heavy rumbling sounds like rolls of distant thunder filled the air, but there was no very great alarm. The next day dawned dull and gloomy. About 7:30 o'clock the morning grew darker and light gray ash, very fine, began to fall. He says that, although they surmised an eruption was taking place in the Hot Lake district, there were no definite tidings to that effect, so that he could only wait to see what would happen. By the aid of a lantern he succeeded in groping his way to the telegraph office, and there he learned that a serious disturbance was taking place at Tarawera and Rotomahana. About 11 o'clock the darkness lifted. All round the ground was covered with a thin, filmy pall of fine ash to the depth of half an inch, and it was afterward found that the intense darkness was caused by a thick cloud of dust blown out by the volcano to a height so tremendous that it passed above Tauranga and dispersed over the country some miles way.

The manifestation was accompanied by intense cold, the thermometer registering five degrees of frost. This is explained by the fact that the columns of steam as they came hissing out of the craters expanded as they ascended and absorbed their own heat, which became latent, so that the heat was abstracted from everything near. A day or two later the government geologist arrived at Tauranga, and preparations to inspect the seat of the disaster were pushed rapidly forward. On the fourth day after the eruption, the party arrived at Wairoa, the Maori village. There was scarcely a vestige of the settlement to be seen, the whole village had been crushed beneath volcanic lava, and the charred and battered remains of the little village church and other buildings protruded above the surface of the deposit, which at first measured four feet in thickness, but afterward settled down to half that depth. One young Englishman was killed, as well as the Maoris who lived in the district and exacted tolls from visitors to the Hot lakes. The scene was the wildest imaginable. The air rushed over the land with cyclonic fury, uprooting, tearing and breaking trees that had survived the hail of rocks, leaving here and there a gnarled and jagged trunk, denuded of branches and stripped of its bark.

The next day the party set off for Rotomahana. As they approached the hot lakes huge cracks, extending hundreds of yards in length and about a foot in width, were seen in all directions. The scene was one of the strange grandeur of absolute desolation. The upheaval of nature had blown the wonderful terraces to atoms; steam was rising in dense clouds from one end of the area to the other, a distance of about nine miles. Rotomahana lake was a yawning caldron from which rose a majestic column of steam. The ground was completely stripped of vegetation and covered with lava from the mountain. The lava was reduced to the consistency of flour, so that the explorers sank in it nearly to their knees. Thus in the space of time was North island suddenly shorn of its most peculiar natural features. In six hours the whole aspect of the country was changed, and what was one of the most beautiful spots in the world was transformed into a barren country carpeted in lava and covered with debris. The geysers, however, still abound in profusion, and it is possible in time other terraces may be formed.—Windsor Magazine.

Boiled Chestnuts.

A sign reading "Boiled Chestnuts," displayed on a chestnut vender's stand was so unusual as to attract attention and even this vender sold roast chestnuts, too. Years ago such chestnuts as were eaten cooked were much more commonly boiled than they are now, and it was not unusual then to see them thus offered in the street; but nowaday people almost without exception prefer them roasted. So boiled chestnuts, once familiar, have come to be a novelty.—N. Y. Sun.

She Liked It. She Did.

He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?

She (thoughtlessly)—Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last.

CREATION OF CATS AND MICE.

An Italian Legend Involving St. Francis de Paula and the Devil.

I send you a translation I have made of an Italian legend of how the cat was created, written by Antonio de Nino. Many are the proverbs about cats in the Abruzzi.

St. Francis de Paula performed so many miracles that the devil was made ill with envy. Once he entered the cell of St. Francis in the shape of a grand nobleman with a box full of heavy gold pieces. "Here, Francis," said he, "take these, don't remain in this miserable hovel; enjoy life; it is strewn with roses, why do you collect all the thorns?" St. Francis, without much ado, raised his hand and made the sign of the cross, whereupon the fine gentleman disappeared amid clouds of sulphur smoke. Another time the devil led lovely damsels, barefooted and lightly clothed, into the cell of the saint, and then queens and empresses of glorious beauty, covered with jewels and wrapped in mantles of gold tissue. But St. Francis stood there like a log of wood, and at last made the sign of the cross, when everything disappeared. The devil was furious. "I must find some way to make this stolid fellow lose patience."

After much thought he rubbed his hands with delight. He created mice, and they multiplied by thousands in the wink of an eye. The cell of St. Francis was filled by them, and he tried in vain to drive them out with his hands and feet. But as he drove them out of the door they swarmed in at the window, and when he closed both door and window they crept up through holes in the brick floor or dropped down through cracks in the ceiling. Then they clambered up the saint's tunic, made beds in his straw mattress, played pranks in his provision basket and were generally offensive. At last St. Francis, after reciting a fervent prayer, burst out laughing. The mice were beginning to attack him in thousands, when a beautiful little cat was created in the sleeve of his tunic. So he cried to the mice: "I implore you to stop and go your way or you will repent it."

The mice answered by pushing their noses against the bare skin of the saint, as though they wanted to pierce through him, so he drew the beautiful little cat out of his sleeve, and it sprang at the mice blessed with such miraculous hunger that it swallowed two at a time of the big ones and three or four of the little ones. St. Francis hoped they would have been exterminated, and wished to stop up a hole in the ceiling (he had already shut the door and the window), but he was not quick enough. A pair of mice escaped, and thus we have those tiresome mice all over the world. St. Francis then uttered another prayer, and his beautiful little cat was granted a companion. They multiplied exceedingly, and have always been favorites with devout old ladies because they are a creation of St. Francis.—London Spectator.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' HOME.

House That the Famous Southerner Built and Lived in When an Army Officer.

At Fort Gibson, Indian territory, one of Uncle Sam's deserted army posts, stands a two-story house, part frame and part log, that was for a time the most pretentious residence in the radius of 500 miles, but now stands deserted by all save bats and owls and now and then a stray boot owl, whose dismal and lonesome cry only brings back long forgotten memories of what this house has been, says an exchange.

The house was built in 1848 by Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the southern confederacy, who at that time was an officer in the United States army. It was here that Davis was in the zenith of his glory as a defender of the United States flag. It was here that Davis, then a lieutenant, fell in love with, wooed and won his wife, the daughter of Gen. Taylor.

The post was a wild and woolly spot in those days. It was the only trading point for miles around, and was infested with gamblers, desperadoes, Indian traders, fugitives from justice in the states, with now and then a gang of cowboys, who would come in to the post to get "red eye" and incidentally shoot up the town and anything and anybody who objected to them shooting up the town. Here in the shadow almost of the post have arisen and thrived such desperadoes as the James gang, the Daltons, the Starrs, Cherokee Bill, etc., who terrorized the country for so long, until civilization and the farmers cleaned them out.

This old house has seen many stirring times; it has sheltered many fair women and brave men, and if it had a tongue it could doubtless tell many state secrets, as well as many interesting stories of the early days of the Indian territory. The post was destroyed in 1892, and now only a few buildings stand where there was once a thriving post of several thousand souls, and where the deer and turkey used to roam. In the broad prairie, almost in pistol shot of this house, are neat and cozy farmhouses, surrounded with peace and plenty. Such is the passing of the "wild and woolly" days in the Indian territory.—Chicago Evening News.

Anything for Peace.

The peppery little man hopped around the famous prize fighter.

"You're a big bundle of nothing," he snarled. "I dare you to strike me."

The big prize fighter shook his head. He didn't want to run any chances of injuring himself in a barroom broil.

"You're a yellow dog," shrieked the little man.

"I'm a yellow pug," said the big man, quietly. Then he walked away.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

FAMED IN HISTORY.

The House in Which "Yankee Doodle" Was Written.

Greenbush Manor House on the Hudson, Near Albany, Is Still Standing and Is a Landmark of Great Interest.

Upon the right bank of the Hudson, opposite the city of Albany, stands an ancient mansion, known since 1768 as the Greenbush manor house, before that as the Patron's fort, Crailo. Recently it has been called the "Yankee Doodle house," from the fact that the lines of the famous song were composed there.

Fort Crailo, as it now stands, says the Philadelphia Press, is a massive brick structure, consisting of three stories. The third story has dormer windows, and an attic with a shingle roof.

The rude, fortress-like walls of the main building, still pierced by stone portholes, amply bear out the assertion that it was used for purposes of defense in early colonial days. The bronzed tablet on the front wall of the Crailo, above one of the ancient stone portholes, gives the date of erection, 1642, as cut in the stone on the cellar wall. It also states that the lines of Yankee Doodle were composed there.

Gen. James Abercrombie, with his staff, made the manor house his headquarters on his way to defeat at the hands of Montcalm, at Ticonderoga, July 8, 1758.

The British officers were the guests of Col. Johannes Van Rensselaer and his lovely wife, Angelica Livingston, daughter of Robert Livingston, Jr., for nine years mayor of Albany. On Abercrombie's staff was a young surgeon, whose derision was excited one day by the sight of the raw American recruits straggling in from the country side, clad in all kinds of motley garb.

Sitting on the edge of the well in the rear of the house, he scribbled the few lines of doggerel which alone preserve his name and were destined to be adopted and proudly sung to the stirring quickstep which led so many of those

CRAILO ON THE HUDSON.
(Old Mansion in Which "Yankee Doodle" Was Written.)

despised country lads to victory when the spirit of '76 called and found their glad response.

The author's name is given variously as Schuckbergh, Shackberg and Stackpole.

In June, 1775, the continental army held its cantonment in the gardens back of the manor house, on its way to Ticonderoga, taken by a handful of Americans under the gallant Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775. The despised Yankee Doodle had gone to the front with a vengeance.

Welcome guests were these to the proprietor, Col. Johannes Van Rensselaer, who had ranged himself with the radicals in the Twenty-first provincial assembly as far back as 1737. He had seen Abercrombie march by while yet he owed allegiance, grudgingly given, to an English sovereign. He was captain of a company of foot in 1743. Now his country was struggling to cast off the hated yoke, and to him and his compatriots it often seemed as though there were naught to gain and all to lose.

Too old himself for active service, his three sons, Robert, Henry and James, held commissions in the continental army, as brigadier general, colonel and major, respectively. Killian, the youngest brother of Col. Johannes, held a commission as second lieutenant in his brother's company of foot, November 10, 1743, under the royal governor, George Clinton, and received his commission as colonel from George Clinton, governor of the state of New York, in April, 1778.

All of these, with others too numerous for detailed mention here, were born in the old manor house, and went in and out on their country's errands until the end of the war.

A brother, therefore, three sons and eight nephews of Col. Johannes Van Rensselaer served in the continental army; some with distinction, all with credit. The active part in military service taken by so many members of the family and his relationship as son-in-law to the aged proprietor, would naturally operate in the selection by Gen. Schuyler of this old house as his headquarters when the American army, moving north under his command, took up its temporary station upon the Greenbush estate.

The many scions of the younger branch all looked to Greenbush manor house as the ancestral home, and were welcome within its walls, when baptismal and marriage feasts called together a joyous company. Gen. Washington dined there and Lafayette also, while in later times, Daniel Webster, Harrison Gray Otis and many other celebrated men were numbered among its guests.

Ceylon's Silk Spiders.

The average Ceylon silk spider weighs nine ounces.

THE WOMEN OF MANILA.

They Are Fond of Rich Dress Fabrics and Possess a Decorative Skill Peculiarly Their Own.

The Filipino woman inherits the Spaniard's fondness for rich fabrics, the Moorish love of color, and a certain sense of contrast and decorative skill peculiarly her own. In consequence, the great merchants' shops of Manila exhibit some beautiful costumes—here a pale-hued satin, covered with old Spanish lace and passementerie, and cut to display bare arms, low neck and back; near by a silk, whose faint glow seems enmeshed with net and bars of ribbon; there is a dress of soft pongee, with black velvet appliques upon it in fanciful design; just beyond a number of pretty waists, pink, blue or green, and stately robes of velvet, black olive or maroon, for the ever-present duenna, while close by hangs some dainty silken chemise, heavy with gold and silver braid, and a lace and satin bolero gleams where the single jewel clasps it at the neck.

These shops also handle a large and fine assortment of laces, pongees, linens and nets. These goods can be had very cheaply. One's measures are taken deftly, and the robe delivered at any address within 24 hours. Most of the Philippine women prefer to sew with a dressmaker in the house, however, instead of ordering the garment made up in the shop.

Daintiest of all pretty trifles are the mattings of which the Filipinos are so proud, and which are used as mattresses, chair cushions and wall tapestries, window curtains, bed covers and screens. Those used as bedding are colored a deep, rich red, whose chemicals are poison to all insects and vermin. On them one can sleep in blissful security, though the ants are numerous enough to devour one, and the rats which scamper so fearlessly about

NATIVE WOMEN OF MANILA.

every Philippine bed chamber are large enough to drag one's articles of dress all over the room.

Some of the cushion mattings are golden toned, almost luminous, with suggestions of foliage dropped upon them here and there as from a full brush; others show unreal vagueness, like the tops of bamboo groves in wind and rain, or a swell of golden foam against some eastern hills, and many display gnarled branches, tangled with river grasses, or green stretches of rice field flanked by blue mountains.

Almost all are vividly individual in color—thick gold, dark, rich hues, strong black and white, soft, suggestive grays. He who has found pleasure in the art of Japan has a new field before him in the study of the oldest of these Philippine mattings.

Most of the painting and coloring is done by women, women who have been especially trained for years in decorative art, and who have been taught to collect and analyze facts as zealously as they were urged to study plant and animal life. These women show great talent for industrial designing, and, considering the status of wages in Manila, command good prices.

Native women are also to be found in other branches of industry—in the manufacture of pineapple cloth, the making of pearls and in the various kinds of shell work where the Chinese are the teachers and the Filipinos apt pupils.

Under their able fingers common oyster shells, cheap and abundant near Manila, become things of beauty—a set of fruit or soup spoons, a broth handle, punch cups and many other pretty table accessories.—N. Y. Ledger Monthly.

When Baby Has Convulsions.

There is little to be done when a child has convulsions except to put it, as quickly as possible, into a warm bath. Moisten a tablespoonful of dry mustard, rub it smooth and add to it the water in the bath after the child is in it; do not wait to do it before. The doctor will order one or two tablespoonfuls of sirup of ipecac, until vomiting is produced, if the convulsion has been caused by undigested food. If from nervous irritation, as in teething, five or ten grains of bromide of soda dissolved in water may be given.

Told of an Unlucky Opal.

A Topeka man lost a small opal set out of his ring and went to the jeweler to have it replaced. Returning home he found the old set and, putting it in his mouth for safe keeping, hurried back to the jeweler's to have that set used instead of the new opal. Rushing into the store he said: "Say, I've found the old set, so don't use that new one. He attempted to remove the stone from his mouth, gave a gulp, looked sheepish, and said: "I guess you'll have to use the new stone."

Accidents with Lamps.

Any table on which lamps are placed should be of firm construction, large top, and of sufficient weight at the base not to tip easily or jar when touched. A great many so-called accidents with lamps are caused by placing them on light, rickety tables.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

How She Manages Her Sandringham Kennels and Personally Looks After Her Pets.

The princess of Wales has an aristocratic love of fine animals. She is greatly interested in all full-blood stock from the brood of white Brahmas given to her 30 years ago by the queen, to the cream-white horses which draw her to Windsor on days of great state.

One of the things which the princess loves best about Sandringham, her country home, is that there she has a kennel of dogs in which there are many of the finest of all the best breeds of England. And it is the daily delight of the princess to visit the kennel alone, or in company with her husband, to frolic with the dogs or carry them the noonday meal of dainties for which they soon grow to watch.

The plan of the princess' kennels is a good one, when there are several select breeds to be kept separate. There is a large building fitted up with small dog-houses which are in turn inclosed in different rooms, each one of which is as big as an ordinary barn, so that each breed has a barn of its own fitted up with kennels. Then all are so arranged that they can be opened into each other and thrown into one.

The dogs play about in their own separate apartments or barns in bad weather, or run out into the little yards provided for them. But once a day, when the princess visits them, or when company comes to Sandringham, then the doors are all thrown open and the dogs rush out into the big light room which is known as "the

THE PRINCESS AND ONE OF HER PETS.

kitchen." When their meal-time is over, and they are no longer upon inspection, they return to their own separate kennels in answer to the call which the hound master gives, and are in separate barns once more.

All of the dogs are admirably trained and when they are placed on sale, as becomes necessary once in awhile when their numbers becomes too great, they are eagerly bought by hunters and dog seekers who wish something very intelligent in the dog species. The pugs, of which there are many, are specially intelligent for that breed—usually considered so hard to teach—and they have deservedly become the pet dogs of English royalty. The pup that disports himself about the morning rooms of the queen is said to understand all ordinary dog commands in three languages, German, French and English.

When the princess of Wales goes out to the dog kitchen to feed her dogs, she wears a big apron of white muslin or of light dotted stuff. The apron is plainly made, except for a few tucks, and a neat bib; and is big enough to keep a gown from all harm. As the princess always wears a tight-fitting black dress in the house, the apron strings are tied around as neat a waist as can be found in England.

These aprons, by the way, are part of the present which the princess gets every year from the sales and bazars which she opens. And they are also from the fairs which she helps support by buying generously of their stock and so adding not only patronage, but real money also.

A soft felt hat and a pair of dog-skin gloves complete the outfit which would not seem dressy for the wife of a gentleman farmer, and which any lady with a country home might well imitate.

In the basket which the princess carries there are pieces of stale bread broken into "catching" size for doggie's mouth, and scraps of cake and bits of sweets. Nothing very rich ever goes in the dog's basket; for it is the pride of the master of the kennel that he keeps his charges in good health; and that at the annual dog shows they are found to be of just the right weight, neither too fat nor too hin.—Chicago Democrat.

Trying on New Shoes.

One would hardly believe there are special times and seasons for trying on new shoes, but it is so. Larger shoes are required in summer than in winter, and it is always best to try them on in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at the maximum size. Activity naturally enlarges them or makes them swell; much standing tends to enlarge the feet. New shoes should be tried on over moderately thick stockings; then you can put on a thinner pair to ease your feet if the shoes seem to be too tight.

Demand Neat Nursemaids.

Mothers should insist upon their nursemaids being scrupulously clean in their person, and neat and tidy in their appearance at all times, and particularly should they see to it that their finger nails are never too long, and are perfectly clean, as in the event of their accidentally scratching their charges serious results, of which blood poisoning is not the least, might ensue.

No Reason to Specify.

They were dancing. The music was heavenly. The swish of her silken skirts was delightful. The fragrance of the roses upon her bosom was almost intoxicating.

"Ah," she said, looking up into his face and smiling sweetly, "you remind me of one of Whitman's poems."

A sudden dizziness seemed to seize him. It was as if he were floating along in a dream. When he could catch his breath to speak he asked:

"Which one?"

"Oh, any one," she replied. "The feet are all mixed up in all of them."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Benighted Superstition.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Well, that fellow Longhead, who talked about taking board here, is just about the most superstitious man I ever did hear of. He's actually afraid of ghosts.

Maid—Ghosts, is it?

Mrs. Slimdiet—Yes; he writes that he has changed his mind about coming, because he's been told that half a dozen people have starved to death here.—N. Y. Weekly.

Up and Doing.

Mack O'Rell—How is that eldest brother coming on?

Luke Warme—He's in New York; running a hotel and doing well.

Mack O'Rell—Well, how about the youngest brother?

Luke Warme—He's in Chicago, selling quack medicines and "doing" sick.—Chicago Daily News.

Faith in Superstition.

"I'm just sure that her auburn hair is the result of chemicals," said young Mrs. Torkins in a tone of mystery and confidence.

"What makes you think so?"

"When I met her the other day I looked all around and I didn't see a white horse anywhere."—Washington Star.

Inherited.

"Mabel seems to take a deep interest in yachting, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she is quite carired away with it."

"And she knows all those nautical terms, too."

"Well, why shouldn't she? Her father started in life as a deckhand, you know."—Chicago Times-Herald.

No Cause for Worry.

Miss Million (of uncertain age)—The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know—

Miss Rosebud (viciously)—Oh, don't worry. They'll think you're his mother.—Tit-Bits.

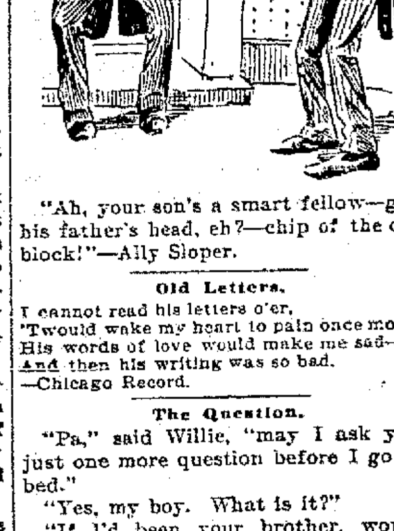
What She Needed.

"The man I marry," she said, "must have no bad habits; he must be handsome, manly, loving, generous, liberal, thoughtful—" "Miss Frieze," he interrupted coldly, "you should marry a department store."—Philadelphia North American.

Meandering Mike's Request.

If as a hero I loom up
One t'ing I want to beg:
Don't offer me no lovin' cup.
I'd ruther have a keg.
—Washington Star.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?



"Ah, your son's a smart fellow—got his father's head, eh?—chip of the old block!"—Ally Sloper.

Old Letters.

I cannot read his letters o'er,
'Twould wake my heart to pain once more;
His words of love would make me sad—
And then his writing was so bad.
—Chicago Record.

The Question.

"Pa," said Willie, "may I ask you just one more question before I go to bed."

"Yes, my boy. What is it?"

"If I'd been your brother, would I have been my own uncle?"—Harper's Bazar.

The Reason.

Mr. Jones—Here is a man who tried to kill himself by eating the heads off of phosphorus matches. What an insane idea!

Mr. Sharpe—Not at all. Very logical. He wanted to light out, you know.—N. Y. World.

His Way.

Young Mother—Arthur Oldbean is always paying queer compliments.

Friend—What's his latest?

Young Mother—To-day he congratulated the baby on having such a pretty mother to look like.—Puck.

The Cart Before the Horse.

Cox—What does Enniston have in that trailer behind his automobile?

Nixon—A reserve power.

Cox—Some electrical contrivance?

Nixon—No. It's a good, old-fashioned horse.—Harlem Life.

They All Preach.

"And why shouldn't there be women preachers?" she asked.

"No reason at all," he replied, feelingly. "I never knew a woman who couldn't preach."—Chicago Post.

Imitating Mamma.

"Why, Daisy, what on earth ails you? Your tongue has been going like a bell clapper for an hour!"

"Why, we're playing house, mamma, and I'm you."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Annual Premium,	$194.95	$196.45	$195.45
Total Premiums Paid,	$2,924.25	$2,991.75	$2,981.75
RESULTS IN 1898			
Accumulated Surplus,	$1,214.98	$ 874.00	$ 762.75
Guaranteed Value,	2,354.40	2,354.40	2,278.70
Total Cash Value,	$3,569.38	$3,228.40	$3,041.45
Life Annuity,	91.26	55.64	58.09
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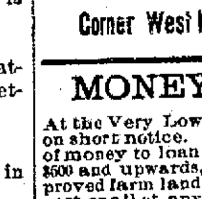
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HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Bequeathed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

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fragments of an arm-bone, but the rest of the skeleton lay under the great bowlder in front of us

"He was coming out of the mine when the rock fell upon him poor fellow" whispered the senor "Look here," and he pointed to a little heap of something that gleamed in the candle-light

It was free gold, six or seven ounces of it, almost pure, and for the most part in small nuggets that once were contained in a bag which had long since rotted away

Doubtless, after the mine was closed, some Aztec, who knew its secret, had made a practice of working there for his own benefit, till one day as he was coming out the rock fell upon him and crushed him, leaving his spirit to haunt the place forever.

"There is no doubt about the mine being rich," whispered the senor; "but, all the same, I think that we had better get out of it. I hear odd noises and rumblings which frighten me Come, Ignatio," and he turned to lead the way towards the opening

Two paces further I saw him strike his shin against a piece of rock that stood up six or eight inches from the floor bed of the tunnel, and the pain of the blow was so sharp that, forgetting where he was, he called out loudly. Next instant there was a curious sound above me as of something being torn, and lo! I lay upon my face on the rock, and upon me rested a huge mass of stone.

I say that it rested upon me, but this is not altogether true, for, had it been so, that stone would have killed me at once as a beetle is killed beneath the foot of a man, instead of taking more than two-and-twenty years to do it The greater part of its weight was borne by the piece of rock against which the senor had struck his leg, a point of the fallen bowlder only pressing into my back and grinding me against the ground Now we were in darkness, for the senor had been knocked down also and his candle extinguished, and, in the midst of my tortures, it came into my mind that I must be dead

Presently, however, I heard his voice, saying "Ignatio, do you live, Ignatio?"

Now I thought for a moment, and even in my pain I remembered that more of the roof would surely give ere long, and that if my friend stayed here he must die with me Nothing could save me; I was doomed to a slow death beneath the stone; and yet if I told him this I knew that he would not go Therefore I answered as strongly as I could

"Fly, senor, I am safe, and do but stay to light a candle. I will follow you."

"You are lying to me," he answered, "your voice comes from the level of the floor." And as he spoke I heard the scratching sound of a match.

So soon as he found his candle and lit it, he knelt down and looked at me Then he looked at the roof above, and following his glance with difficulty I saw that next to the hole whence the bowlder had fallen hung a huge block of stone, that trembled like a leaf whenever he moved or spoke, surrounded by great cracks from which water dropped.

"For the love of God, fly!" I whispered. "In a few hours it will be over with me, and you cannot help me, I am a dead man, do not stop here to share my fate."

For a moment he seemed to hesitate; then his courage came back to him, and he answered hoarsely

"We entered this place together, friend, and we will go out together, or not at all. You must be fixed by the rock and not crushed, or you would not speak of living for hours. Let me look" and he lay upon his breast and examined the fallen rock by the light of the candle "Thank God! there is hope," he said at last, "the bowlder rests upon the ground and upon the stone against which I struck my leg, for only one point of it is fixed in your back Do you think that anything is broken, Ignatio?"

"I cannot say, senor, my pain is great and I [illegible] being slowly crushed to death, but I believe that as yet my bones are whole Fly, senor, I beg of you"

"I will not" he answered, sullenly. "I am going to roll this rock off you"

Then, lifting with all his great strength he strove to move the stone, but without avail, for it was beyond the power of mortal man to stir it, and all the while the black mass trembled above his head

"I must go for help," he said presently

"Yes, yes, senor," I answered: "go for help, for I know well that before he could return with any more of the roof would have fallen shutting me in to perish by inches, or perhaps crushing the life out of me in mercy Then I remembered and added

"Stay a moment before you go, you are noble. I will give you something Feel here round my neck, there is a little cham—now draw it over my head—so You see a token hangs to it If ever you are in trouble with the Indians, take their chief man apart and show him this, and he will die for you if need

"Englishman, by this gift I have made you heir to the empire of the Aztecs in the heart of every Indian and the master of the great brotherhood of Mexico. Molas, the messenger, will tell you all and bring you to those who can initiate you. Bid him to lead you whither he would have led me Farewell, and God go with you. Tell the Indians how I died, that they may not think that you have murdered me"

To these words of mine the senor made no answer, but thrust the token into his pocket without looking at it, like one who dreams. Then, taking the candle with him, he crept forward down the tunnel and vanished, and my heart sank as I saw him go, leaving me to my dreadful fate without a word of farewell.

"Doubtless he is too frightened to speak," I thought, "and it is right that he should fly as quickly as possible to save his life."

Now, as I was soon to learn, I was doing the senor a bitter wrong in my mind, seeing that he never dreamed of deserting me, but went to find a means of rescue. As he told me afterwards, when he reached the mouth of the tunnel he could think of no way by which I might be saved, since these mountains were uninhabited and it would take several hours to bring men from Cumarvo.

Outside the mine he sat himself down to consider what could be done, but no thought came, for it was impossible to use the strength of the horses in that narrow place. Then he sprung up and looked round him in despair. Close to him was a little ravine hollowed by water, and on its very edge grew a small mimosa thorn of which the long roots had been washed almost bare by a flood He saw it and an inspiration entered into him.

Springing at the little tree, that being so tough a wood was the best possible for his purpose, he tore it from such roothold as remained to it. A few strokes with his heavy hunting knife trimmed off the branches and fibers, and soon he was creeping carefully up the tunnel, dragging the trunk after him. When he had gone some twenty paces he heard another fragment of the roof fall, and so he said in his story, was minded to fly.

"It is I, Ignatio, and I have brought a lever Now when I lift, struggle forward if you can"

Then he placed the trunk of the thorn tree in what seemed to him the best position, and put all his strength upon it It was in vain; even so he could not stir the rock

"Try a little more to the right," I said, faintly; "there is a better hold."

He shifted the lever and dragged at it till his muscles cracked, and I felt the stone tremble as its bulk began to rise

"If you can help ever so little, it will come!" he gasped

Then in my despair, though the anguish of it nearly killed me, I set my palms upon the ground, and contracting myself like a snake that is held with a forked stick, thrust upwards with my back, till the point of the stone was raised to the height of eight or ten inches from the ground.

For a moment, and one only, it hung there, next instant the lever slipped, and down it came again But I had taken my chance, for, clinging to the floor with my fingers, so soon as my back was free, with a quick movement I dragged myself a foot or more forward Then the point of rock that had been lifted from my back fell again, but this time it struck the ground between my thighs

Now he seized me by the arms and tore me free, though I left one of my long boots beneath the stone. I strove to rise, but could not because of the hurt to my back

"You must carry me, senor," I said.

He glanced at the mass that trembled above us then, giving me the candle, lifted me from the ground like an infant and staggered forward down the tunnel. Perhaps we had gone some seven or eight paces, not more, when there was a dreadful crash behind us. The roof had fallen in and the spot which we had occupied some thirty seconds before was now piled high with rocks

"On!" I said, "cracks are showing in the stone above us!" and he rushed forward till we found ourselves exhausted and bleeding among the grasses outside the mine

Now I bowed my head and returned thanks for my escape; then, lifting it, I looked my preserver in the face and said.

"I swear by the name of God, senor, that he never made a man nobler than yourself"

The next instant I fell forward and fainted there among the ferns

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Ten days had passed since I was carried from the mouth of that accursed mine back to Camarvo in a litter and during all this time I had suffered much pain in my back and been very ill—so ill, indeed, that I was scarcely allowed to speak with anyone Now, however, I was much better, and one afternoon Senor Strickland, assisted by my foster brother Molas, lifted me from my bed into a hammock

"By the way Ignatio," said the senor when Molas had gone, "I never gave you back this charm of yours. What a queer-looking trinket it is" he added taking it from his neck; "and what did you mean by your talk in the tunnel about its making me heir to the empire of the Aztecs in the heart of every Indian, and the rest of it?"

"Know, senor, that this broken gem is the secret symbol of a great order, of which you are now one of the lords seeing that the crowning and vital ceremony of the creation of a Lord of the Heart consists in the hanging of the symbol about his neck for the space of a minute only by myself

"Understand senor, that the first duty of the servant of the Heart is silence, and that silence I demand of you"

"But suppose that a man should not keep silence, Ignatio, what then?" he asked

"There is a land, senor," I answered, "where the most talkative grow dumb, and its borders can be crossed by all, even by the Lords of the Heart, for fearful is the doom of a false brother"

"You mean that if I repeat anything I may hear I shall be murdered?"

"Indeed, no, senor, but you may happen to die. I speak on the Heart; do you hear with the ears?"

"I hear with the ears," he answered, catching my meaning.

"Very well, senor, since you have now sworn secrecy to me by the most solemn oath that can pass the lips of man, I will speak to you openly.

"You have heard the story of that white man, or god, sometimes called Quetzal by the Indians, and sometimes Cucumatz, who came to these lands in the far past and civilized their peoples?

"When Quetzal sailed away from his people he left the stone, that once he had worn upon his brow, of which this is the half, to be a treasure to the kings who came after him. Also he set this fate upon it, that while the heart remained unbroken, for so long should the people be one and whole; but if it came about that it was cut or shattered, they should be divided with it, to be no more one people until again the fragments were one stone

"Now, when these king brethren quarrelled and parted, they sawed the token asunder, as you see.

"At length it came into the hands of the great Guatemoc, last of the Aztec emperors, who, before the Spaniards hung him, found means to send it to his son, from whom it has come down to me.

"Now of this stone, through all the ages it has never been lost, and it is known in the land from end to end; he who wears it for his life being called 'Keeper of the Heart,' and also 'Hope of those who wait,' since it may happen in his day that the two halves may come together again."

"And what if they do?"

"Then, so says the legend, the Indians will once more be a mighty nation, and drive those who oppose them into the sea as the wind drives dust"

Now the senor rose from his chair and walked up and down the room.

"Do you believe all this?" he asked suddenly

"Yes," I answered, "or the greater part of it Indeed, if what I hear is true, the lost half of the talisman that has been missing for so many generations is in Mexico at this moment, and, so soon as I am well enough, I go to seek him who bears it, and who has come from far to find me That is why we must part, senor"

"Where has this man come from?" he asked eagerly

"I do not know for certain," I answered, "but I think that he has come from the sacred city of the Indians, the hidden golden city which the Spaniards sought for but could not find though it still exists among the mountains and deserts of the far interior."

"Why do you want to visit it, Ignatio?"

"To understand that, senor, you must know my history." And I told him of the failure of the great plot and the part that I had played in it, all of which I have already set out, also of the secret hopes and ambitions of my life.

"Senor," I added, "though I am beaten I am not yet crushed, and I still desire to build up a great Indian empire. First, I will seek this man that the two halves of the heart may come together and the prophecy be fulfilled; then, if maybe, I will travel with him to the city, Heart of the World, careless whether I live or die, but determined, if there is need, to die fighting for the fulfilment of the dream of an Indian empire—Christian, regenerated, and stretching from sea to sea—that I have followed all my days."

"The dream, Ignatio? Perhaps you name it well, yet few have such noble dreams. And now, who goes with you on this journey?"

"Who goes with me? Molas, as far as the temple where the Indian is. After that, if I proceed, no one"

Then said he, "the prospect of hunting for that city pleases me, for I am an adventurer to my heart. I am ready to start for Tobasco, and the Sacred City, and wherever else you like, so soon as you are fit to travel"

"Do you swear that on the Heart, senor?" I asked

"By all means; but I should prefer to give you my hand upon it." And he stretched out his hand, which I took

"Good. You swear on the Heart, and you give me your hand—the oath is perfect."

CHAPTER V

THE BEGINNING OF THE QUEST.

Something more than a month from the day when Senor Strickland and I made our compact to search for the secret city of the Indians, we found ourselves, together with Molas, at Vera Cruz waiting for a ship to take us to Frontera.

At Vera Cruz we purchased such articles as were necessary to our journey, not many, for we could not be sure of finding means to carry them Among them were hammocks, three guns that would shoot either ball or shot, with ammunition, as many revolvers, some medicine, blankets, boots and spare clothes

Also we took with us all the money that we had, amounting to something over fifteen hundred dollars in gold which sum we divided between us, carrying it in belts.

We took passage in a Mexican boat called the Santa Maria.

She was an old sailing vessel of not more than two hundred and fifty tons burden that had been converted by her owners into a paddle-wheel steamer, with the result that except in favorable weather she could neither sail nor steam with any speed or safety, and her business was to trade with passengers and cargo between Vera Cruz and the ports of Frontera and Campeche

"Where for?" asked the agent of the Senor Strickland, as he filled in the tickets.

"Frontera," he answered "Your boat stops there, does she not?"

"Oh, certainly, senor," he said, as he pocketed the dollars, and yet all the while this shameless rogue knew that she had orders to touch at Campeche, which is the furthest port, first, and return to Frontera a week later.

Among the passengers was one, a man of not more than thirty years of age, who particularly attracted our attention. He was large, handsome and coarse and had Indian blood in his veins, as was shown by the darkness of his color and the thick, black eyebrows that gave a truculent expression to his face While I was wondering who he might be, Molas made a sign to me to come aside and said:

"You see yonder man with the silver buttons on his coat? He is Don Jose Moreno, the son of that Don Pedro Moreno who waylaid and robbed me of the nuggets which the old Indian gave me Beware of him, lord, and bid the Englishman do the same, for, like his father, he is a bad man."

While Molas was talking a bell had been rung for dinner, but I waited till he had finished before going down. At the door of the cabin I met the captain, a stout man with a face like a full moon and a bland smile.

"What do you seek, senor?" he asked.

"My dinner, senor," I answered.

"It shall be sent to you on deck," he said, not without confusion. "I do not wish to be rude, senor, but you know that these Mexicans—I am a Spaniard myself, and do not care—hate to sit at meat with an Indian, so if you insist upon coming in there will be trouble."

Not wishing to make a stir, I bowed and turned away. Meanwhile, it seems that Senor Strickland, missing me in the cabin, asked the captain where I was, saying that perhaps I did not know that the meal was ready.

"If you refer to your servant, the Indian," said the captain, "I met him at the door and sent him away. Surely the senor knows that we do not sit at table with these people."

"Captain," answered Senor Strickland, "if my friend is an Indian, he is as good a gentleman as you or anybody else in this cabin; moreover, he has paid for a first class fare and has a right to first-class accommodations. I insist upon a seat being provided for him at my side."

"As you will," answered the captain, smiling, for he was a man of peace, "only if he comes there will be trouble." And he ordered the steward to fetch me.

Seeing me in the doorway, Senor Strickland called me in a loud voice, saying.

"You are late to dinner, friend, but I have kept your place here by me. Sit down quickly, or the food will be cold."

I bowed to the company and obeyed, and then the trouble began, for all present had heard this talk. Now, almost opposite me sat Don Jose Moreno, the man of whom Molas had told me. As I sat down he consulted hastily with a neighbor on his right, then addressing the captain, said in a low voice:

"There is some mistake, it is not usual that Indian dogs should sit at the same table with gentlemen."

The captain shrugged his shoulders and answered mildly.

"Perhaps the senor will settle the question with the English senor on my left. To me it does not matter; I am only a poor sailor and accustomed to every sort of company

"Senor Strickland," said Don Jose, "be so good as to order your servant to leave the cabin."

"Senor," he answered, for his temper was quick, "I will see you in hell before I do so"

"Caramba," said the Mexican, laying a hand upon the knife in his belt, "you shall pay for that, Englishman."

"When and how you will, senor. I always pay my debts."

Then the captain broke in in a strange way. First he put his hand behind him, and drawing a large pistol from his pocket, laid it by his plate

"Senors, both," he said in a soft voice and with a gentle smile, "I am loth to interfere in the quarrel of two esteemed passengers, but though I am only a poor sailor it is my duty to see that there is no bloodshed on board this vessel Therefore, much as I regret it, I shall be obliged to shoot dead the first man who draws a weapon," and he cocked the pistol.

Now the Mexican scowled and Senor Strickland laughed outright, for it was a curious thing to hear a man with a face like a sheep growl and threaten like a wolf. Meanwhile, I had risen, for this insult was more than I could bear.

"Senors," I said, speaking in Spanish, "as I see that my presence is unwelcome to the majority of those here, I hasten to withdraw myself. But before I go I wish to say something, not by way of boasting, but to justify my friend, the English gentleman, in his action on my behalf. However well born you may be, my descent is nobler and more ancient than yours, and therefore it should be no shame to you to sit at the table with me, and least of all should the Don Jose Moreno, whose father is a murderer, a highway robber and a man without shame, and whose mother was a half-breed mestiza slut, dare to be insolent to me who, as any Indian on board this ship can tell you, am a prince among my own people."

Now every eye was fixed on Don Jose. His sallow complexion turned to a whitish green as he listened to my words, and for a moment he sank back in his chair overcome with rage Then he sprang up once more, gripping at his knife

"You dog!" he gasped, "let me but come at you and I'll cut your lying tongue out"

"You will do nothing of the sort, Don José Moreno," I answered, fixing my eyes upon his face; "what I have said about your father is true, more, there is a man on board this ship, whom, not three months since, he robbed with violence If the gentlemen, your companions would like to hear the story I can tell it to them I am well able to defend myself. Moreover, this vessel is manned by Indians who know me, and should any harm come to me or to my friend, Senor Strickland, I warn you that you will not reach your home alive. Gentlemen I salute you," and I bowed and left the cabin

"Friend, I thank you" I said to the senor when he came upon deck after dinner was ended "Knowing who I am and seeing how I, in common with my race, am accustomed to be treated by such dogs as that, can you wonder that I am not fond of Mexicans?"

"No, Ignatio," he answered, "but all the same I advise you to be careful of this Don Jose He is not a man to kiss the stick that beats him, and will make an end of you, and me, too, for the matter of that, if he can"

"Do not be afraid, senor," I answered, laughing; "besides the steward and Molas there are twenty Indians on board, and they will watch that man day and night, so that he can never come near us without finding them ready for him. Only we shall do well to sleep on deck and not below."

That night we spent, wrapped in our serapes, upon two coils of rope on the forecastle of the Santa Maria, with Molas sleeping close behind us. It was a lovely night, and we whiled away the hours in telling tales to each other of our adventures in past years, and in wondering as to those that lay before us, till at length we fell asleep, fearing nothing, for we knew that our safety was watched over, to be awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vessel.

Fearing that something was wrong, Senor James went to the captain and asked him why they had stopped

"Because the engines won't go any more and there is no wind to sail with," he answered, politely

Presently the engine began to work again, though uncertainly Toward three o'clock in the afternoon Molas, pointing to a low coast line and a spot on the sea where the ocean swell was tipped with white, told us that yonder was the bar of the Grijalva river, and that beyond it lay the village of Frontera, our destination.

"Good," said the senor, "then I think that I will get my things on deck," and going to his cabin he brought up a sack containing some wraps and food

"Why do you bring your baggage?" asked the captain, presently. "You may want it to-night."

"That is why I brought it up," he answered. "I do not wish to land at Frontera with nothing."

"Land at Frontera, senor? No one will land at Frontera from this ship for another six or seven days. We pass Frontera and run straight on to Campeche, which by the blessing of the saints we shall reach to-morrow evening."

"But I have taken tickets for Frontera," said the senor "The agent gave them to me, and I insist upon being put on shore there."

"That is quite right, senor. All being well we shall call at Frontera this day week, and then you can go ashore without any extra charge, but before this my orders are to put into no port except Campeche, that is unless a norther forces me to do so"

That evening we dined together upon deck, for neither of us was in any mood to descend to the cabin and meet Don Jose Moreno, of whom we had seen nothing since the previous night. As we were finishing our meal the light faded and the sky grew curiously dark, while suddenly to the north there appeared a rim of cloud. It was an angry red and glowed like the smoke from a smelting furnace at night.

Another two hours had passed without much change, except that the night grew darker and darker, and stiller and stiller.

Then a vivid flash of lightning pierced the heavens above us, followed by a deafening peal of thunder. By its fierce and sudden light we could see the coast some three or four miles away, and almost ahead of us the bolder outline of Point Xicalango The sea about our ship was dead calm. A mile or so to windward, however, was a different sight, for there came the norther, rushing upon us like a thing alive, in front of it a line of white billows torn from the quiet surface of the sea, and behind it, fretted by little lightnings, a dense wall of black cloud stretched from the face of ocean to the arc of heaven.

A few more seconds and something white and enormous could be seen looming up above our bows, and the sight of it caused the captain, whose face looked pale as death in the glare of the lightning, to shriek another order to his crew.

"Lie down and hold on tight to the rope," I said to Senor Strickland and Molas, who were beside me. "Here comes el Norte, and he brings death for many of us on board this ship"

CHAPTER VI

"EL NORTE."

Another moment and el Norte had come in strength First a sudden gush of wind struck the vessel, causing her to shiver, and with a sharp report rending from its fastenings the jib, which had never been furled. This gust went howling by, and after it came the storm

Before and since that day, I have made many voyages across the Gulf of Mexico in all weathers, but never have I met with such an experience as that which followed The ship plunged and strained and rocked, lifting now her bow and now her stern high above the waters, till it seemed as though she must fall to pieces, while water in tons rushed aboard of her at every dip, which, as she righted herself, streamed through the broken bulwarks

Now, from time to time the moon shone out between rifts in the clouds, revealing a dreadful scene Fragments of the little bridge still remained, and to it was lashed the large body of the captain in an upright position, though as he neither spoke nor stirred we never learned whether he was only paralyzed by terror or had been killed by a blow from the funnel as it fell. He had ordered the passengers to be battened down, and there in the cabin they remained, twenty or more of them, until the hatchways were stove in. Then, with the exception of one or two, who were drowned by the water that poured down upon them, they rushed to the companionway, men and women together, and, shrieking, praying and blaspheming, clung to fragments of the bulwarks, shrouds of the mast, or anything they thought could give them protection against the pitiless waves

Awful were the wails of the women, who, clad only in their night dresses, now quitted their bunks for the first time since they entered them in the harbor of Vera Cruz. Overcome by fear, and having no knowledge of the dangers of the sea, these poor creatures flung themselves at full length upon the deck, striving to keep hold of the slippery boards, whence one by one they rolled into the ocean as the vessel lurched, or were carried away by the seas that pooped her.

Some of the men followed them to their watery grave, others more self-possessed crept forward, attempting to escape the waves that broke over the stern, but none made any effort to save them, and indeed it would have been impossible so to do.

Among those who came forward to where we and some of the Indian sailors were clinging to the rope that was coiled round the stump of the broken foremast was Don Jose Moreno. Even in his terror, which was deep, this man could still be ferocious, for recognizing the senor he yelled:

"Ah! Malconado — evil gifted one, you called down the norther upon us. Well, at least you shall die with the rest," and, suddenly drawing his long knife, he rose to his knees and, holding to the rope with one hand, attempted to drive it into the senor's body with the other. Doubtless he would have succeeded in his wickedness had not an Indian boatswain, who was near, leant forward quickly and struck him so sharply on the forearm with his clenched fist that the knife flew from his hand, and in trying to recover it Don Jose fell face forward on the deck, where he lay, making no further effort at aggression.

For a few minutes there was a turmoil that cannot be described; then, although the wind still shrieked overhead, we felt that we were in water which seemed almost calm to us. The ship no longer pitched and rolled; she only rocked as she settled before sinking, while the moon, shining out between the clouds, showed that what had been her bulwarks were not more than two or three feet above the level of the sea.

Six Indians, our three selves, Don Jose, who seemed to be senseless, and the body of the captain lashed to the broken bridge, alone remained of the crew and passengers of the Santa Maria. The rest had been swept away, but there, close to us, the cutter still hung upon the davits.

The senor saw it and cried: "The ship is sinking! Into the boat, quick!" and, running to the cutter, he climbed into her, as did I, Molas and the six Indian sailors.

She was full of water almost to the thwarts, which could only be got rid of by pulling out the plug in her bottom. Happily the boatswain, that same man who had struck the knife from the hand of Don Jose, knew where to look for it, and, being a sailor of courage and resource, was able to loose it, so that presently the water was pouring from her in a stream as thick as a hawser. Meanwhile the other Indians were getting out the oars and loosening the tackles.

"Get the plug back," said the senor; "the vessel is sinking; you must bale the rest."

Half a minute more and it was done; then at a word from the boatswain the sailors lowered away and we were afloat, and, better still, clear of the ship. Scarcely had they got the head of the cutter round and pulled three or four strokes when from the deck of the Santa Maria there came the sound of a man's voice crying for help, and by the light of the moon we discovered the figure of Don Jose Moreno clinging to the broken bulwarks that now were almost awash.

"For the love of God, come back to me!" he screamed.

The oarsmen hesitated, but the boatswain said, with an Indian oath:

"Pull on, and let the dog drown!"

It seemed as if Don Jose heard him; at least he raised so piteous a wailing that the senor's heart, which was always over tender, was touched by it.

"We cannot desert him," he answered; "put back for him."

"He tried to murder you just now!" shouted the boatswain, "and if we go near the ship she will take us down with her." Then he turned to me and asked: "Do you command, us to put back, lord?"

"Since the senor wills it I command you," I answered. "We must save the man and take our chance."

"He commands, whom we must obey," shouted the boatswain again. "Put back, my brothers."

Sullenly, but submissively, the Indians backed water till they lay almost beneath the counter of the vessel that wallowed in the trough of the swell before she went down.

On the deck, clinging to the stays of the mast, stood Don Jose, his straight, oiled hair beat about his face, his gorgeous dress was soaked and disordered.

"Save me!" he yelled hoarsely, "save me!"

"Throw yourself into the sea, senor, and we will pick you up."

"I dare not," was the answer, "come aboard and fetch me."

"Does the senor still wish us to stay?" asked the boatswain calmly.

"Listen, you cur," shouted the senor, "the ship is sinking and will take us with it. At the word three, give way, men Now, will you come or not? One, two—

"I come," said the Mexican, and driven to it by despair he cast himself into the sea.

With difficulty the senor, assisted by an Indian with a boathook, succeeded in getting hold of him as he was washed past on the swell. There, however, the matter rested for the present, for just then the deck of the Santa Maria burst with a rending sound, and she began to go down bodily.

"Row for your lives!" shouted the boatswain, and they rowed, dragging Don Jose in the wake of the boat.

Down went the Santa Maria, bow first, making a hollow in the sea that sucked us back toward her.

So soon as this great danger had gone by the sailors lifted Don Jose into the boat, where he lay gasping but unharmed. Then arose the question of what we could do to save our lives.

As it was, we must have been swamped many times over but for the stanchness of the boat, which, fortunately, was a new one, and the seamanship and ceaseless vigilance of the Indian boatswain who commanded her. For hour after hour he crouched in the bow of the cutter, staring through the sheets of rain and the darkness with his hawk's eyes and shouting directions to the crew as he heard or caught sight of a white-crested billow rolling down upon us, when we would be flung up toward the sky to sink deep into the trough on the further side, sometimes half full of water, which must be baled out before the next wave came.

I was very thankful when, at length overcome by cold and exhaustion, I sank into unconsciousness or swoon.

How long I remained in this merciful state of oblivion I do not know, but I was roused from it by Molas, who shook me and called into my ear with a voice that trembled with cold or joy, or both:

"Awake, awake, we are saved!"

"Saved?" I said, confusedly. "What from?"

"From death in the sea. Look lord."

"Where are we?" I asked.

"In the Usumacinto river, thanks be to God!" answered Molas. "We have been driven across the bay in the dark and at the dawn found ourselves just outside the breakers. Somehow we passed them safely and there before us is the blessed land."

As for the Indians, the men to whom we owed our lives, they were utterly worn out. Two of them appeared to have swooned where they sat, three others lay gasping beneath the seats, but Molas held the tiller by my side, and the boatswain still sat upright in the bow, where he had faced death for so many dreadful hours.

"Say, lord," he asked, turning his face that was hollow with suspense and suffering to speak to me, "can you row? If so, you take the oar and pull

Dreadful CROUP

Mothers, when your children are attacked by the dreadful croup, you need not despair; Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup will relieve and cure this disease at once. You can always depend on this marvelous remedy; it never fails to cure. For whooping-cough and measle-cough it is the best remedy in the land. Children like it.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Will cure Croup without fail.

Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

The thin baby

You always expect to see a baby plump and rosy, don't you? Thinness in a baby is a disease. If not corrected serious results follow. The first year often determines the health for the whole of a long life.

Scott's Emulsion

is a true and tried friend to the little ones. It gives them just the plumpness all healthy babies should have.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
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SWEET-FACED LITTLE MAIDS

Tell the Story of Shop-Lifting But Badly Contradict One Another.

Two sweet-faced girls sat in the private apartment of mayor Prophet's office this morning, and identified and testitified to having stolen enough articles to send a man to the penitentiary

Displayed on the table were gloves, handsome garters, dolls, silk and lace handkerchiefs, bottles of perfumery, toys and numerous other articles that would attract the eyes, and incite the desire of possession in tots of eight and nine years.

Dressed neatly in a suit of red, with red cape, and mittens over her small hands, sat little May Moore, her eyes bulging with fear, hesitation and endeavor to answer questions as the prosecutor desired her to answer. She was examined thoroughly by Mr Klinger, and when he would grow strict, she would at once endeavor to throw all the blame on Nine-year-old Aggie Scanlon, who sat beside her, clothed in a well worn dress of black, white fascinator 'round her throat, and with an expression of awe enveloped countenance, she seemed not at all abashed despite her little quivers and anxiety to throw half the guilt on pretty May

Mike Scanlon was in the room and seemed not satisfied at the story the girls were telling. May Moore is the daughter of Mrs Lloyd Moore, residing in Walter's addition, and at their home a man has been boarding at various times since last winter, known to the world as Poorman. The arrest of Poorman occurred last night after Mike Scanlon, father of little Aggie made a report of the story of his daughter to Lieutenant Burns. The story as told by the girls, and given to the police was not verified by the little girls this morning. They do not implicate Poorman, and gave no reason for their larceny, save desire to possess the articles. Each one would, as far as possible, blame the other, and the Moore girl stated that she took the goods home and gave them to her mother, who said they were "very nice."

The girls say the first day they visited the stores was on Friday and that they made another tour on Saturday. They acknowledged to having taken the goods, and say they got them at Feldmann's, Heiniger's, Carroll & Cooney's and the Metellus Thomson stores, and some few from Feltz Bros.

After receiving the story of his little daughter last night Mr Scanlon told it to the officers, Conway and O'Brien, who at once visited the home of Mrs Moore, and found the articles displayed at the mayor's office this morning. They at once arrested Poorman, who claims innocence.

The Scanlon Girl's Story.

The parents of Aggie Scanlon are the revealers of the thievery. Talking about Poorman they became suspicious of him, and closely questioned their daughter, who replied that Poorman had told her and little May Moore, daughter of Mrs Moore, with whom Poorman boards, how to visit stores and be experts at shop lifting.

Poorman Tells His Side.

After the examination by the prosecutor of the two little girls, Mrs Moore and Mrs Scanlon were called into the room, and Poorman brought up from below. He denies emphatically the story as told by the Scanlon girl, and vows he never gave them one word of bad advice in his life. "I heard of the matter Saturday evening," said Poorman. "The two girls went up town on Friday and brought the things back, and the Scanlon girl sent some boxes over to the Moore house. When they returned Saturday evening with another bundle of stuff, we thought something was wrong."

"You did tell us," chimed in the Scanlon girl, "and you came over to our house and said Mrs Moore sent you after those things." The little girl was silenced. No affidavits were filed against any one, and Poorman is held only on suspicion to await further investigation.

Mrs Moore, mother of May, was seen by a NEWS reportor after she left the station, and questioned closely regarding her knowledge of the mysterious matter. "The Scanlon girl brought the thing over to the house, and said her mother sent them to us for a Christmas gift. I didn't look at the boxes or examine them closely, and only remarked to Aggie that they have lots of money this Christmas". I never knew my little girl to take a thing, and I don't believe she did this of her own accord."

"What about Poorman, Mrs Moore, do you think he put the little girls up to it."

"No, I do not. He was always kind to May, and I never knew him to instruct in the wrong. I don't think he did it this time."

"I didn't give it much thought at the time, for I was very busy working at the Cambridge House, where I have been employed, and until the matter came to light as it has, I never thought about it as it now looks. I don't believe May would do anything wrong."

The Chief, Mayor Phropet and Attorney Klinger conferred and decided that on the evidence presented, it would be a hard matter to convict Poorman. He was given one day in which to leave forever the city of Lima behind him and was released.

A DEAL

Which Was Planned

By a Toledo Newspaper Reporter---Wall Street Journal

Says There's no Foundation in the Reported

Consolidation of the D & L. N., L. E. & W. and O. S.--Big Four Telegraphers Demands.

Peora, Ill., Dec. 27.—The Federated Board of Railrord Organizations is now is session in Pittsburg adjusting a grievance of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen with the Pennsylvania. As soon as that matter is settled, probably by the end of the present week, the board will convene in Cincinnati for the purpose of adjusting the difficulties between the officials of the Big Four system and the Order of Railroad Telegraphers. The telegraphers have demanded an advance in wages and the Big Four officials steadily refuse to take any concessions or recognize the Order of Railroad Telegraphers in any way.

Merely Talk.

The Wall Street Journal says:

"We are assured upon excellent authority that there is no foundation for the report which comes from Toledo, O., that a deal is pending to consolidate the Detroit & Lima Northern, the Ohio Southern, Lake Erie & Western and the Monon systems. The interests of these systems are not alike, and there is no probability, we are told, of a consolidation. This report has been circulated several times during the past few years. We are informed that it originated in the fact that the late Calvin S Brice, President of the Lake Erie & Western, was personally acquainted and on familiar terms with some of the leading officers of the other roads mentioned."

Dispatcher Smith, of the Lake Erie and Western railroad, who spent Christmas with his two children who are living with their grand parents at Rossiaville, Indiana, has returned home.

Andrew Gilman was struck by a C H & D passenger train at Dayton yesterday and was fatally hurt.

Engineer John Lowdle, of the P Ft W & C., is confined to his home on north Main street on account of sickness.

John Stone, of the C & E shops at Huntington, spent Christmas with his parents on south Metcalf street.

Ground to Death Under Wheels.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Michael Kenney, yardmaster of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad yards at Sixteenth street, was ground to death under the wheels of a switch engine Tuesday night, within a block of the place where his brother met death 14 years ago.

Joseph Spridgen was the victim of a jolly surprise at his home 704 east Market street, Christmas day. His parents, brothers and sisters swooped down upon him and the surprise was complete. Those present were Jas. Spridgen and wife of Middlepoint; S Steward and wife, of Van Wert; Wm. Spridgen and wife of, Middlepoint; Mr Doit Balyeat, of Van Wert; Mr E. Spridgen, of Middlepoint.

ENJOYS

A Short Rest Does Judge Cunningham This Week.

Court in Continued Session But No Cases Set for Today—The General Routine.

Bonds of the following county officials were approved yesterday by the Commissioners:—Sheriff, E A Bogart, amount $35,000; coroner, E G Burton amount $20,000; infirmary director, Eli Mechling amount $10,000. These officials were all re elected at the last election, and will begin their second term next Monday.

No Ohio Southern Cases.

The court reporter of the Gazette has up Judge Cunningham's work of assignments. He set the Ohio Southern cases for trial this morning and when the Judge at breakfast, saw the work of the day cut out for him, he at once telegraphed Judge Doyle, Judge Harmon and other attorneys to hustle and be on hand. No cases were set, however, and the Judge, after recieving no repiy, resumed his breakfast.

Transfers.

Wm B Van Nore to Margaret B Van Note, south 1-2 of inlot 204. $1 and love and affection.

I N Townsend to L J Siddell, 2 acres in Richland township, $250.

Susanna Gillespie to Joseph Craig, 19 acres in Perry township, $1,000.

Lydia E Craig and Joseph Craig, to heirs, 50 acres in Perry township, $1,000.

Marriage Licenses

L D Foggle, 22, and Maggie Miller, 18, both of Spencerville.

New Suits.

Sherman Burden vs Sabra Furlong partition and equitable relief; T R Hamilton.

The Bank of Ottawa, a partnership, vs John Burhart et al, cognovit.

Probate Matters.

Application for the appointment of an executor in the estate of John Grismore, deceased, was filed.

F B Bomen has been appointed administrator of R E Bomen, deceased.

White Cloud the finest Bath Soap, largest bar 5c at Watson's.

The Fidelity Coal Co., 338 east North street, have all Kinds of good coal for sale. Deliveries promptly made. Both 'phones No. 16. 2t

NATIONAL UNION.

Ottawa Council holds its regular session Wednesday, Dec 27, in Donze block. This is an important meeting and a large attendance is desired.

G. E. BLUEM. G. E. BLUEM.

NOW FOR THE BIG REMNANT SALE.

A Half Price Event!

Such selling as this store has been doing the past few weeks has of necessity left many of the stocks with a surplus of remnants and ends of lots. Each department has been carefully overhauled every short end and every broken lot has been rooted out, put into shape for easy, choosing and marked at just one-half it's regular etail price. When clean, dependable merchandise can be bought at such a saving, when one-dollar can be made to do the duty of two-dollars, the opportunity should appeal to your economy.

There'll be Remnants

Of everything, Remnants of Dress Goods, Remnants of Silks, Remnants of Linens, Remnants of Domestics of all kinds, Remnants of Prints, Ginghams, White Goods, odd lots and broken size assortment of Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, &c., &c., Remnants of Laces, in fact, Remnants of everything, and all to be sold at half price. Don't forget that part of the offer; for it holds the key to the economy of the whole offering.

The Rush for Remnants

Will be second only to the great Xmas rush just ended. First picking is always best picking in a sale of this sort. Ready for you when you read this and will make merry work among tail ends during the next few days.

G. E. BLEUM,

57 Public Square, Lima, Ohio,

The Dry Goods, Dress Goods and Suit House.

The Metellus Thomson Dry Goods Co.

Big Sale of Domestics This Week.

Read the Prices.

One case of 5 cent Shirting Calicoes, pretty and desirable patterns,

3c a yard.

One case of desirable 6 cent Dress Prints, a variety of desirable patterns,

3c a yard.

One case of 6 cent Turkey Red Calicos,

3 1-2c a yard.

One case of 5c Dark Harmony Prints,

3 cents.

One bale Unbleached Muslin,

4 cents.

One bale Heavy 6 cent Unbleached Muslin,

5 cents.

One case of 12 12 cent Chambray, Pink, blue and Gray,

9 cents.

One case Plaid Shirting Cloths,

7 cents.

One case of men's 50 cent Gray Jersey Ribbed Underwear,

25 cents.

Read the Prices.

One case of 10 cent Madras Cloth 27 inches wide,

5c a yard.

One case of beautiful one yard wide 15 cent Madras Cloth,

8c a yard.

One case of heavy 8 cent Amoskeag Ginghams,

6 cents.

One case of heavy 15 cent Cheviot Shirting at

10c a yard.

One case Jersey knit Grey Skirts,

24 cents.

One case English Flannelett Skirts, fancy colored border, embroidery bottom,

24 cents

One case heavy Gray and Tan Blankets,

50c a pair.

One case heavy Twilled flowered Cretonnes, 10 cent quality,

7 cents.

One case heavy blue and black, 15 cent Cheviots,

10 cents.

Read the Prices.

One case of one yard wide 10 cent Percales,

7c a yard.

One case of one yard wide 12 1 2 cent Percales,

9c a yard.

One case of one yard wide 15 cent Sea Island Percales, beautiful spring styles,

10c a yards.

One case 18 cent Elegant figured Satines, black ground, colored flowers,

12 1-2c.

One case of pretty light blue, pink and other colored fancy checked and striped Flannelette,

5 cents.

One case dark colored 8 cent Flannelette,

5 cents.

One case attractive 10 cent Flannelette, dark and light styles,

7 cents.

One case of heavy Reversible linen dress goods cloth, 12 1-2 cent grade,

8 cents.

One case of 10c plaid dress goods,

6 cents.

The Metellus Thomson Dry Goods Co.

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